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# DRAMA IN POKERVILLE;

THE BENCH AND BAR OF JURYTOWN,

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY "EVERPOINT,"

(J. M. FIELD, ESQ., OF THE ST. LOUIS REVEILLE.)

With Eight Illustrations,

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS, ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY F. O. C. DARLEY.



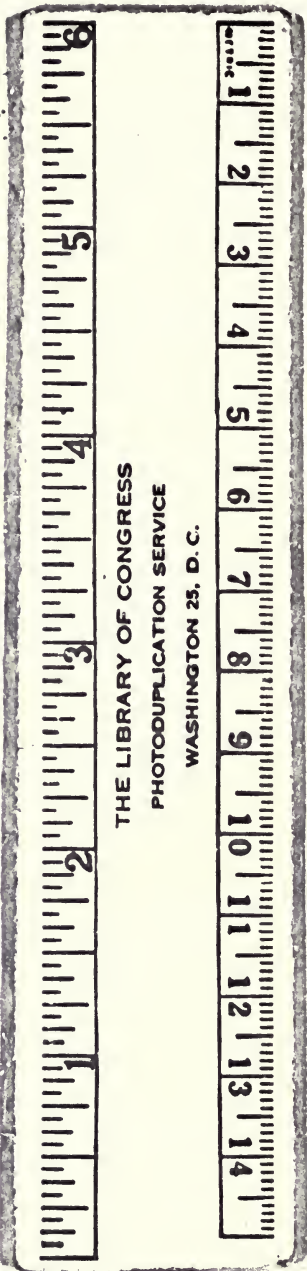
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## Dedication.

TO MESSRS. CAREY & HART,

Publishers, Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN—This morning, accompanying certain proof-sheets, I received a few lines from you, informing me that I had neglected to enclose among my MSS. of "The Drama in Pokenville," &c., a *Dedication!* and requesting me, at once, to supply the deficiency, under peril of a delayed press and further calamities! Gentlemen, in my present distress of mind, I really know no friends whom *I think more of* than yourselves; permit me, therefore, in no less sincerity than haste, to dedicate the volume to *you*, whose enterprise and liberality have opened out a native literary path, which, albeit not the most elevated, nevertheless hath its pleasant ways, and which I hope very many may travel with more credit to themselves, and amusement to the public, than doth your obliged servant,

THE AUTHOR.

St. Louis, Mo., June 7, 1847.



A SUCKER IN A WARM BATH.

“Back went old *fatty* against the centre-table.”

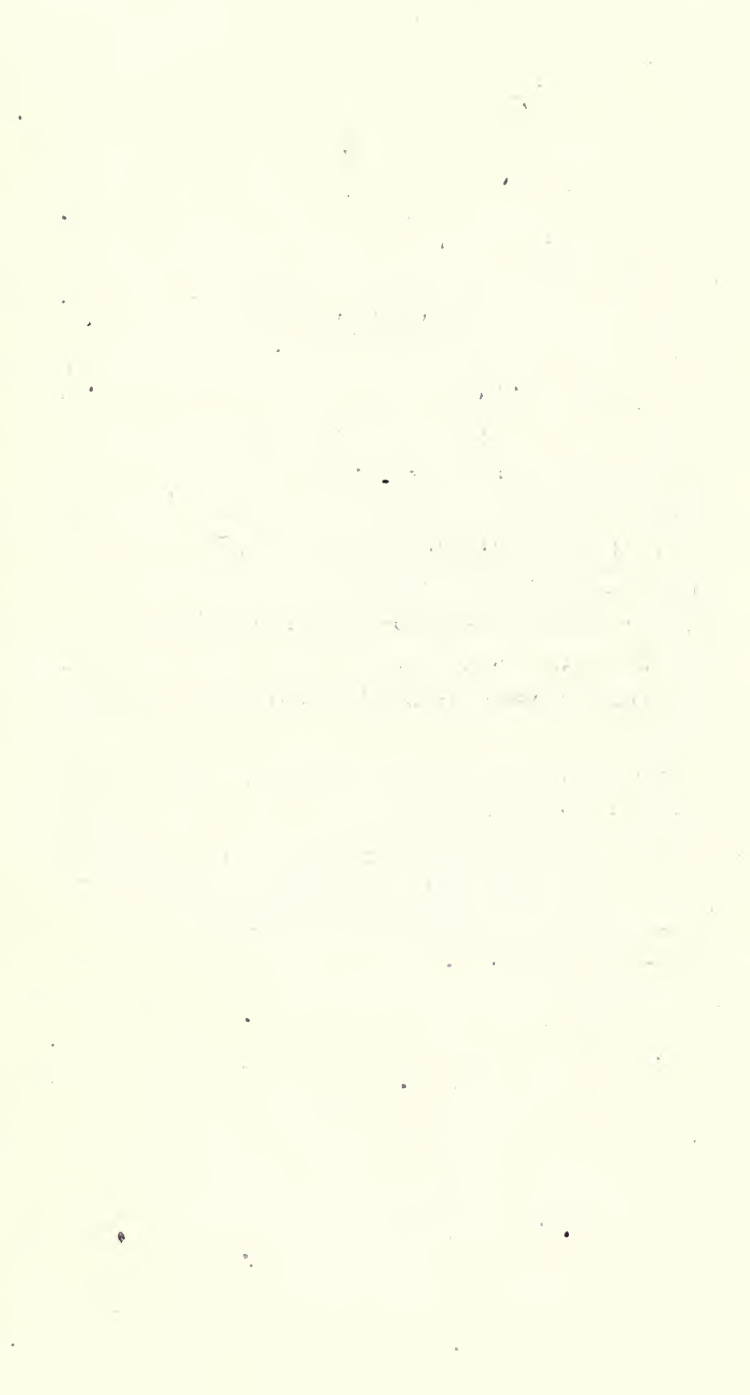
THE  
DRAMA IN POKERVILLE,  
THE BENCH AND BAR OF JURY-TOWN,  
AND OTHER STORIES.  
BY "EVERPOINT."



"But while in the act of aiming it, Cynthy threw a pillow in his face."

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY CAREY & HART.

1847.



## PREFACE.

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THE reader will have seen, from the preceding page, that the author of the present collection of stories is either very remiss in his habits, or else very green at publishing. "The Drama in Pokerville" actually sent to the printer without a dedication! What will he say, then, when he is informed that the same letter which called for the dedication, reminded the author that he was also sending forth his book, in the most barefaced manner, without a *Preface* either!

The *Drama in Pokerville* came as near being damned for want of regular announcement, as it too often does, in other important places, from pushing the announcements, &c., too far! The truth is, the author would have been content, letting the reader do his own prefacing, and arriving at his own conclusion—in the middle of the volume, perhaps—but the demand has been made, and the *pourquoi* of the matter must be given.

In a few words, then, certain scatterlings on the face of the land have been, for some time back, scribbling queer things for the amusement of the queer people, and, volume after volume, these things have been, queerly, condensing into book shape, taking upon themselves, moreover, certain



decencies of binding, and what not, and actually getting responsible persons to stand up and answer for their adoption into the more regularly begat, and better conditioned family of literature. They are called eccentric, to be sure, but then they are tolerated as being such, and, satisfied with their reception, they are contentedly multiplying their numbers—we will not presume to say influence—day by day.

The respectable publishers of the present volume are chiefly responsible for the sin of its appearance. From their vast literary granary, they think it good and wholesome to dispense, occasionally, a measure of mirth; and they have thought it good, moreover, to select the present writer as one who might, perhaps, assist in supplying the demand. The writer has nothing further to say, (whatever he may hope,) save that the new stories in the collection were written very hastily, and that the longest of them—"The Drama," &c.—he has had no opportunity of revising, a proof of it not having been included among the sheets sent to him. As Manager Dust might say, he throws himself entirely "upon the known generosity of a Pokerville audience!"

THE AUTHOR.

St. Louis, Mo., June 7, 1847.

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THE  
DRAMA IN POKERVILLE;

OR, THE

GREAT SMALL AFFAIR COMPANY.

---

THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR ANNOUNCEMENT!

**POKERVILLE THEATRE,**

(LATE WILSON'S STORE-SHED.)

FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON!

Thus doth immortal Shakspeare flourish still—  
First night of a short season in Pokerville!

← MR. OSCAR DUST, Manager of the Great Small Affair Theatre, begs to inform the public, that, at the urgent solicitation of many distinguished citizens, he has arrived, with the purpose of FOUNDED THE DRAMA in Pokerville! Mr. O. D. announces his intention of making simply a *short season* of two weeks—or more at farthest—during which time he will have the honour of presenting to the citizens of Pokerville, in a style of unrivalled perfection, all the *cheif de evers* of dramatic genius!

Mr. O. D. would call attention to the following unprecedented list of talent :

MRS. OSCAR DUST, of the Great Small Affair Theatre, also of the principal eastern houses, this being the last engagement which she will perform prior to her *departure for Europe!*

MISS FANNY WILKINS,—poetically termed the *Rising Star!*

MR. KEMBLE WHITE, whose performance of Rollo has been hailed as the only true picture of the proud Peruvian.

MR. JOHN WATERS, the Classic Veteran.

MR. T. FITZCAROL, the distinguished Vocalist, from Drury Lane Theatre, London.

MR. HENRY CHARLES JOHNSON, the celebrated Musician and Composer.

MR. HENRY, Artist.

MR. CHARLES, Costumer.

MR. JOHNSON, Machinist.

Mr. O. D. feels, that, with this powerful array of talent, he may safely announce to the citizens of Pokerville a *classic treat*, on this, the

## OPENING NIGHT,

Monday, June 6,

When will be presented the celebrated Anglo-German-Peruvian Tragedy of

## PIZARRO,

OR,

## THE DEATH BRIDGE,

(With a new PRECIPICE.)

Mr. O. D. respectfully informs the public, that, availing himself of the peculiar structure of the building, the artist of the establishment has been enabled to

present the *Bridge scene* in a thrillingly effective manner.

*Characters in the Play.*

ROLLO, The Proud Peruvian, - Mr. KEMBLE WHITE.  
 Pizarro, - - - - - Mr. J. Waters.  
 Alonzo, - - - - - Mr. T. Fitzcarol.  
 Ataleba, - - - - - Mr. Oscar Dust.  
 Valverde, - - - - - Mr. Henry.  
 Osano, - - - - - Mr. Charles.  
 Sentinel, - - - - - Mr. Johnson.

ELVIRA,—“Meet and Survive!” Mrs. OSCAR DUST.  
 Cora,—Daughter of the Sun, - Miss Fanny Wilkins.

Priests, Vestals, Peruvians, Spaniards, &c., by the rest of the Company.

*Act 1st.* The Conqueror.

*Act 2d.* The Descent of Real Fire!

*Act 3d.* The Conflict. “Cora! rather bid me strike this sword into my heart!”

*Act 4th.* The Blighted Plantain!

*Act 5th.* THE DEATH BRIDGE.

Mr. O. D. would respectfully request attention to Mr. Kemble White’s dying scene, it having been universally acknowledged as the most faithful delineation of death from *gun-shot wounds*.

*After the Tragedy,*

**“MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD,”**

(In character,) - - - by Mr. T. Fitzcarol.

**Pas de Pokerville,**

(Composed and arranged expressly for the occasion,) - - - MISS FANNY WILKINS.




The whole to conclude with the new and favourite Afterpiece, called

## NATURE vs. PHILOSOPHY;

OR,

“Is it a Bird?”

COLIN, The youth who never	}	Mrs. OSCAR DUST.
saw a woman,		
Eliza, Her first ecstasy,	-	Miss Fanny Wilkins.

NOTICE.—Colonel Mugs, chief constable, will be in attendance to enforce an observance of *etiquette*. The three front benches reserved for ladies. No smoking allowed, save at the windows.  Peanuts and Pecans prohibited, save while the curtain is down.

No admittance behind the scenes on any account.

*Palladium Office, print.*

## FEELING IN POKERVILLE.

The Great Small Affair poster, printed at the office of the Pokerville Palladium—one full sheet—attracted the gaze of all, as may be supposed. There was, certainly, a great desire felt to have a theatre established in Pokerville, a very promising town, situated “out” —somewhere, on the “Big”—something, at the head of navigation, with a fine back country, and, consequently bound to become “a place,” as sure as shooting! There were, already, several brick stores; merchants were settling, steamboats arriving, *prodoose* departing,—in short, “taking a company” there was a sure speculation, and Manager Dust no sooner submitted the matter to Mrs. D., than she, unequivocally,

pronounced it to be a first-rate idea! There was a "heap" of taste in Pokerville, too, and it had its "first families;" besides, its larger neighbour, Coonsborough, which hitherto had engrossed all the business, had long had a theatre, and corner lots commanded, even already, more in Pokerville than they did in Coonsborough. It was perfectly plain, then, that Manager Dust was just nat'rally bound to make "a corde of money!"

The Pokerville Palladium hailed, with enthusiasm, the "*dawn* of Thespis," as the editor figuratively expressed it. Printing the bills; on terms of admiring intimacy with Mrs. Oscar Dust; rather smitten with Miss Fanny Wilkins, and on cocktail acquaintance with the rest of the company, from Mr. Kemble White to Messrs. Henry, Charles, and Johnson,—a mysterious *trinity*, of whom more anon,—how could the editor of the Palladium be other than favourable? That widely circulated journal, after describing the nobly conceived and expensive alterations which had converted "Wilson's store-shed" into a home of the muses, and assuring its readers, that the *coop de oil* (the editor never indulged in French—this notice must have been written by the more refined manager) would "strike every beholder," went off into even a sublimer strain with regard to the Great Small Affair Company! Mrs. Oscar Dust, to Siddonian majesty, united grace and pathos, speaking a native delicacy of mind; while Miss Fanny Wilkins, as rich in the accomplishments of the *artiste* as remarkable for the propriety of her private deportment, was formed to captivate all hearts. Mr. Kemble White was clearly marked as the future pride of the American stage; attention was called to

the chaste and beautiful reading of the "Classic Veteran," Mr. Waters; Mr. Fitzcarol was to stir the soul with melody, while Mr. Henry Charles Johnson, Mr. Henry, Mr. Charles, and *plain* Johnson, were all wonders, in their way.

The three taverns, and thirty-three bar-rooms, of Pokerville, exclusive of a billiard-room and ten-pin-alley, were alive at an early hour. No event had been so discussed since the arrival of the first steamboat. A travelling *menagerie*, to be sure, the summer previous, with its elephant and monkeys, had attracted considerable attention, but this was all forgotten, and *varmints* were "no whar," in comparison with the anticipations with regard to Wilson's store-shed, and real live actors! Several had made bold to peep inside, in spite of the "No Admittance" which frowned from a shingle, over the door, and each one declared that it just beat any thing "this side of Orleans," to death! The niggers were patting Juba on every corner, but the pleasurable excitement among the "first families" was scarcely less remarkable. The leading woman was Mrs. Major Slope, whose husband having had a trust of some kind in Florida, had "helped himself and quit," to enjoy a tolerable-sized plantation—settled on his wife. Mrs. S. had "been on to Washington" *twice*, and, altogether, taste and fashion were of the Slope cut in Pokerville. Mrs. Oscar Dust had letters to Mrs. Major Slope, and Mrs. Major Slope had, at at once, called on Mrs. Oscar Dust; both ladies were charmed with the identity of their tastes and feelings—the *ideal* being paramount with each, and friendship and patronage were things of course. Didn't Mrs. Oscar Dust *spread* herself, to the entire obscuration of

Miss Fanny Wilkins, who had not the *entrée* of society! and didn't she manage, in the blandest kind of way, to take preventive measures against said young lady's ever arriving at that high distinction!

---

### THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR OPENING.

It was a great night for Pokerville! Everybody knows what a first night is! Colonel Mug, as *chef de police*, made a desperate effort to retain front seats, but Mrs. Major Slope coming *rather* late, and Mrs. Wilson, lady of "Wilson's store-shed," feeling herself, under the circumstances, equally privileged, both ladies were obliged to stand up and be *scrouged* until chairs could be brought from the hotel, when they were gracefully placed—like sister muses, as Mr. Oscar Dust expressed it—in opposite corners of the *proscenium*; from which remote position Mrs. Major Slope immediately prepared to bring the performances *to her*, by means of a double-barreled opera-glass! Mr. H. C. Johnson, an unobtrusive young man, with straight hair, and a faint rent under the arm, now took his seat at the piano—Mrs. Major Slope's *own*, and which now constituted the Great Small Affair orchestra. Apples were munched, pecans cracked; there was a lively chewing and spitting, while at least six in each window, with one leg dangling out, smoked, in strict compliance with the published regulations. Every thing was lively, too, behind the scenes; Mr. Oscar Dust, never taking more than "three minutes to dress," was busy with the lights, having got through the tickets; Mrs. Oscar and Miss Fanny, dressing together, behind a carefully

pinned-up shawl, were "hooking" each other; Mr. Kemble White was pulling on his fleshings, behind a "throne chair;" Mr. Fitzcarol was contemplating a somewhat peculiar physiognomy—of which more anon—in a triangular bit of looking-glass, under a sconce; while the Classic Veteran, Mr. Waters, already dressed for Pizarro, under a black feather and a press of enthusiasm, was measuring the stage—exactly five strides in depth. Messrs. Henry, Charles, and *plain* Johnson, were not about, singularly enough, but the matter was partially explained when, a Strauss waltz ceasing in front, Mr. H. C. Johnson suddenly made his appearance behind, pulled off his pants, showed his legs, already incased in *tights*, jerked on a pair of buff boots, slipped into a tunic, and was dressed for Valverde! Mr. Fitzcarol, who was "dressed under" for Alonzo, now clapped on a white shirt and gray wig, to "double" Orozimbo; Mr. Oscar Dust prepared himself in a trice to do the same for Las Casas; the Spanish and Peruvian armies were supposed to be "seen off." A tinkle of the bell—Mr. O. D. himself pulled up the curtain, and now "Hats off in front!"—"Stop them pecans!"—"Silence!"—"Sit down!" &c.

Elvira! (Mrs. Oscar Dust,) had seen all the Siddons prints, and Queen Catherine, Lady Macbeth, Constance, and Mrs. Oscar Dust herself, in their combined majesties, now *loomed* upon the Pokerville audience, their heads, in fact, almost in the skies, which—perhaps in some measure owing to the "peculiar construction" of the house—seemed to bend to meet them. There was a tremendous cheer. Mrs. Major Slope waved her handkerchief, for which reason Mrs. Wilson's store-shed did *not*, and Mrs. Oscar Dust's practised eye at once per-



ceived that she would have to manœuvre between rival patronesses. Her courtesy was the grandest thing ever seen in Pokerville, while the way in which, with a corner of either grateful eye, she signified the intensity of her emotions to each corner of the stage, was little less than a thrill to the fair occupants of both. Mrs. Oscar Dust was a lady of a *very* "certain age," with a decidedly commanding figure; that is, she weighed one hundred and eighty pounds! She was florid, with a "remarkably fine head of hair;" prominent eyes, which she made peculiarly effective in her mad scenes, and a nose somewhat fat, and of an "upward tendency," as they say in the cotton market. Mrs. Dust was a great wardrobe fancier, and she now stood wrapt up in classic interest. She wore the identical train, "as Waters knew," (he knew every thing, "like a good creature,") in which Mrs. Siddons took her farewell of the stage. Her satin under-dress was that in which Miss O'Niel made her first appearance in London; her drapery had been sent to her from Paris by Mam'selle Mars; while her girdle had clasped the waist of Josephine *l'Emperatrice* herself! There was an anecdote complimentary to Mrs. Dust in every inch of every article she wore, down to the darns on her silk stockings; and if in all this grandeur she still looked a little dingy, it was entirely owing to her romantic devotion to such relics; indeed, as Mrs. Dust was fond of declaring, they were essential to her inspirations!

Elvira was the "great creature" in every gesture. Mr. *Henry* was "chaste and correct," and, with the roll of a drum, skilfully executed by Mr. Oscar Dust at the wing, entered the Conqueror of Peru. This is no time to criticize; suffice it that the "doubles"



acted a full night's work in either part, regardless of the fact that they were "dressed under" for still more arduous duties. Elvira was thrillingly severe upon Pizarro; Valverde took upon himself to stab Orozimbo instead of Davilla, no warrior of the latter name being by; the murderous blow was received with a yell, as a favourite point; the conqueror declared his intentions with regard to Quito, and down fell the curtain upon a "deep sensation!"

SECOND ACT—Introducing Miss Fanny Wilkins—Cora! and there she was, a *nice* little, fair-skinned, open-eyed, loveable-looking girl, with a modest air, and *such* ankles; the whole effect rendered more *piquant* by her simple white dress, the *right* length to a line. And there was "Cora's child," too,—by the by, we have never heard that Alonzo entertained any misgivings on the subject, but the play-bills invariably pay but little attention to his claims as a father—"Cora's child!" concerning which innocent the happy mother observes, that "he will speak soon;" and that his teeth, "pearls," &c., will soon "break the crimson buds that do encase them," but which lines Miss Fanny Wilkins judiciously "cut out," inasmuch as that "her lord's image and her heart's adored," the teething in question, was a seven year old, with a wide mouth, and one who, moreover, wore a spangled child's frock over his own trowsers and a pair of brogans. Cora had remonstrated, to be sure, but, as the child was a "property," and not a "character," Mr. *Charles*, who was at the head of this department, observed, with *almost* temper, that if Mr. *Johnson* had to spend his time making precipices, and Mr. *Henry* had to paint them, and *plain* Johnson had to study, and Mr. *Henry Charles*

*Johnson* had to "play the people in," and then "double" three parts, he was not likely to have much time left to run round town getting children! The protean Mr. Johnson was really a very good-natured fellow, and seldom "let out" in this way, above all against Miss Fanny Wilkins; but opening nights are opening nights in all theatres, and this was his apology subsequently. There stood Mr. Fitzcarol, too, as Alonzo, the group forming a very pleasing example of the *domestic picturesque*. Mr. Fitzcarol was more like himself in this part, being rid of his Orozimbo gray whig, beard, &c.; we say that he was more *like himself*, without, be it understood, having the slightest reference to physiognomy, for a man with a broken nose is not very apt to look like other people. Mr. Fitz, or "Figurehead," as he was sometimes called, had met with that misfortune, and it prayed upon his spirits decidedly. He no longer "occupied a position," and his nasal regret was constantly, "Before I lost my nose I was a *feature!*" He had acted in "principal theatres;" had even "sung in London!" He had been remarkable for his Roman nose and fine wardrobe; was famous in all the singing captains; and at a patriotic song, especially if he could draw a sword in it between the pieces, he was unrivalled. But this glory was too much for one man. On the production of the *Bayadère*, in a provincial theatre, he was, as the god, pitched out of the car, on the first night, breaking his nose, and, worse than all, ruining the run of the piece. The star *Bayadère*, however, had cause to be grateful; it was to the self-sacrificing gallantry of her companion that she owed her safety; he broke her fall—and his own nose at the same time; he preserved the star, but ceased himself

to be a "feature!" Everybody has heard of a "shocking bad hat," without being able to fix in their minds what the peculiarity expressed, or intended to be expressed, exactly is. They know that it is a *bad* hat, but the epithet "shocking" neither expresses shape, size, nor quality. They only know that it is a strange, sad object, one carefully to be avoided in society; and so it was pretty nearly with the vocalist's nose, it was a *shocking* bad nose! Whether it was the flattening immediately under the eyes, the crush of the arch, as it were, upon the sight; or the spring, from the ruins, of the tip—like a young nose on its own account—to the left, the general effect was most peculiar, giving Mr. Fitz's face a sort of *zig-zag* expression, and whether he rolled his eyes in sentiment, or flashed them in ire, it was equally disastrous to the scene, with the audience. "Figurehead," or "the feature," had at length found his way into the great small affair theatres, where, gouged eyes and bitten noses exciting less admiration, he got along with more tranquillity; being generally allowed, moreover, to be "some" in "Draw the sword Scotland!" He had been rather nervous about his *debût*, poor fellow, but he had *shown his nose*, and all was right, and he was happy! Cora went on with her maternal rhapsodies, and, after all, her "lord's image" did bear something of a family likeness, for albeit the *child* had not a broken nose, yet his pug was of a very odd pattern, and the addition of a squint made up something of the *zig-zag* expression mentioned.

But now another roll of the drum behind the scenes. L. II. 2d ent. Three vigorous cheers from the throats of Mr. Oscar Dust and his factotum, the triune Mr. Johnson, a stentorian command to station—sentinels,

doubtless, "opposite the Spanish camp," and on came Mr. Kemble White, *the* acknowledged Rollo;—sword, shield, sandals, shirt, all complete; a magnificent entrance, and to thunders of applause! Mr. Kemble White was even above the heroic height, but not quite up to the heroic weight, as established by the success of Mr. Gonz, the great eastern actor, who made two hundred kick the beam! Mr. White had equal advantages of lungs, but could not exactly reach the two feet round the calf! What then? Why, as independent of nature as a rising tragedian had a right to be, he "made himself up!" There he stood, his magnificent breadth of chest—*padding* we mean—heaving and swelling, and his unrivalled legs walking into all the boatmen. There was somewhat of a disproportion noticeable, occasionally as a long stride was taken, between calf and thigh, but a very deep voice and a deeper frown awed any thing like impertinent inquiry.

"Jovian!" exclaimed Mrs. Major Slope, elevating her *lorgnette*.

"Jo *who*?" inquired the major, emptying his mouth for a fresh chew.

"The front of Jove, himself!" continued the lady, by way of making herself more intelligible. The major was not an enthusiastic man, and simply drawing the back of his hand over his lips, he replenished his jaw.

The "temple scene!" there was the altar, sure enough, a packing box set up on end, and all over rays of vivid yellow, from a Dutch metal sun, right in the centre! Mr. Kemble White addressed his "brave associates," whom he "saw off," with an earnestness of

argument to convince all present that they were actually ranged behind the wings; and now, to test the vocal powers of the "whole company!" Mr. Oscar Dust, another "double," entered as the high priest, all in white; Mr. Waters followed (to *oblige*) similarly attired; the virgins of the sun were "seen off"—just behind the Peruvian army, doubtless,—Mr. H. C. Johnson made his appearance very unaccountably in the orchestra, and Mr. Oscar Dust began his *Solo!* His gestures were the most appropriate in the world; his legs, visibly, were employed in modulating the sound, and yet, some how or other, there was something queer about it, it was not Manager Dust's voice,—it was an evident *nose* tone. There was great applause, however, when the "feature" whose back had been turned, *abstractedly*, from the audience, observed, with a deep sigh, to Miss Fanny Wilkins, that he did none of this kind of humbug before he lost his nose! "Doubling" a *voice* stuck in his throat decidedly! The fire came down from heaven, only sticking a *little* time, while the kink in the wire was shaken out; the whole effect was sub—pshaw, of course it was!

THIRD ACT.—"Hold, recreant, cowards," &c., a burst of indignant remonstrance on the part of the proud Peruvian which made the roof of Wilson's store-shed shiver, and which was only marred by the proud Peruvian's *cimetry* giving way—that is, he burst his suspenders and let his heroic *calves* down! He hitched himself up behind, though, with a readiness of resource characteristic of genius, and dashed off, once more, with his reassured countrymen, to rescue their beloved Inca. Mrs. Major Slope declared that it was worthy of the drama in its palmy days, and the editor of the



Palladium, Busby Case, Esq., signified his intention of going it strong in his next article.

FOURTH ACT.—And still increasing interest. Mr. Johnson multiplied himself once more by disguising in a bunch of keys and spear, for the sentinel; Alonzo was rescued, Elvira wooed the proud Peruvian to his revenge. A change of scene, and there lay “the accursed destroyer of his country’s peace”—the classic Mr. Waters, on the recent altar, now laid flat and covered by a red domino, the whole representing a martial couch! Pizarro was grasped by the throat, dragged forward in a series of shakes—a heroic *tableau* was formed at the very feet of Mrs. Major Slope, and “put it into him, hoss!” “Look out old coon!” &c., testified to the ready sensibilities of the audience. Immediately followed Mrs. Oscar Dust’s greatest triumph, as it was critically termed; where, her vengeance foiled, and feelings outraged, she “jest let out” as Mrs. Store-Shed Wilson graphically expressed it. The injured heroine drew up a statement of wrongs, piled on a recapitulation, and capped the whole with a scream that not only made the hair, but the entire front bench rise right up! in fact, it quite “cuddled one’s blood”—once more in Mrs. Store-Shed Wilson’s graphic and powerful language. Then were “guards” ordered to “seize that frantic woman!” and then entered that same—no, not *individual* Johnson, once more with a spear, making signs to the *six others*, whom he *saw off*, not to come on, as he himself, doubtless, would prove enough for her, and then Mrs. Oscar Dust marched to death in a grander style than her Siddons train and O’Neil petticoat had ever before assisted in; and then, amid showers of tears, and shouts of applause, a natural

tribute to the greatest *dust* breathing, didn't it seem almost futile to expect any thing further in the way of grandeur? Of course it did—and yet the Pokerville audience sat there, evidently inclined to risk it; and so, up went the curtain for the fifth Act.

“The death-bridge!” There it was indeed! The “peculiar construction of the house” had been made the most of, certainly. In one of the back corners of “Wilson’s store-shed,” a six-feet-square “office” had been partitioned off, now dignified as the wardrobe and property room. A cut in the partition, some four feet from the ground, served as a window, and the quick eye of Mr. Oscar Dust at once detected the full advantages of this point. For instance, in robber processions, think of the effect to be produced by himself, Mr. Johnson, and one or two other “doubles” *winding down the mountains* out of this window; disappearing at an upper entrance; again out at the window; again off—keeping the pot bilin’, as the boys say, and thus impressing the audience with the immense resources of the establishment. The “Forty Thieves,” upon this hint, was already underlined to be produced “upon a scale of unexampled magnificence!” The “peculiar construction” was of striking service in the present bridge-scene, inasmuch as that Mr. Oscar Dust had again stuck the “altar” upon end, opposite to it,—stretched a plank from one to the other, faced the whole with a few *precipitous* “set pieces,” nearly as high as his shoulders, and, to crown the effect of the whole, had contrived an axle and crank, by means of which to turn a flour barrel, ingeniously painted and speckled with raw cotton to resemble a waterfall! The scene was hailed with shouts; Mr. Oscar Dust did his own

turning, vigorously grinding, with one hand, and as industriously wiping his brow with the other; the scene proceeded, and Rolla daringly seized the *child*, who, being rather overgrown, as we have stated, and somewhat frightened at his unceremonious lift, incontinently put a leg over each shoulder of his preserver, and pertinaciously kept it there.

“Who stirs one step, to follow, dies upon the spot!” The proud Peruvian dashed off the stage to make his way out to the bridge, through the properties; Pizarro rushed up to give his orders; Mr. Johnson, as “the guards,” leveled his gun. Rolla’s *calves* were discovered crossing the bridge—the superior parts of the hero being hid in the “flies,” the word was given: “Fire upon him”—when a scream burst from the footlights, and Mrs. Major Slope, dropping her opera-glass in strong hysterics, and crying “Hold, monsters!” threw herself between the fugitive and destruction, just as the fatal weapon—*snapped!* The sensation was “thrilling,” and sharing the general astonishment, the waterfall stopped instanter! Mrs. Oscar Dust, minus her Siddons train, and even more essential portions of dress than that, flew to the aid of her friend; Mr. Oscar Dust, with great presence of mind, lowered the curtain preparatory to stepping in front of it, and asking if there was “a doctor in the house?” Mr. Major Slope, who, having been out to get a little “peach,” had returned just at the climax, and who appeared to be “used to it,” backed out again to get the carriage ready; the audience were in a stupor of amazement, when Mr. Oscar Dust once more appeared to assure them that the paroxysm was passed;—that there was no danger; that it had simply been the effect of over



wrought feelings—the intensity of the dramatic action, aided as it was, in a scenic view, by the peculiar construction of the house! The last scene, Mr. Dust observed, was yet to come—Mr. Kemble White's great dying scene, his truthful delineation of a death from *gun-shot wounds*; *should* the play proceed, or stop there, in sympathy with a too amiable lady? He awaited their pleasure.

The astonishment had certainly been great, but the sympathy was not so apparent. "Bring on your dead man!" cried one sovereign auditor. "Start your Niagara agin!" shouted another—both desires sanctioned on the part of the whole by rounds of applause. Mr. Oscar Dust bowed, smiled, and retired; up went the curtain again; there was a shouting behind of "Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!" and on came the hero of the death-bridge, drenched in blood from his wig to his waist-band. Mr. Kemble White had evidently studied the effect of having his brains blown out; and first, raising himself on one arm, he pawed the air touchingly with the other, as much as to say, "it wasn't you, old fellow!" Then, dragging himself on to one knee, he was suddenly seized with vertigo and described several circles, with his head gradually settling into a lengthened shake. Next, after divers neuralgic twitchings, he recovered his eye-sight, exclaimed, "Cora!" and, privileged, as a dead man, he ensanguined one side of her neck in an embrace. Turning now, wanderingly, he perceived Alonzo, and shook him deprecatingly by the hand, saying, as plainly as pantomime could say, "Don't be jealous, you see my brains are out!" and now, with a triumphant laugh, he clutched up the *child*; daubed it on both cheeks; examined it all over

to see that *its* brains were not out, also; and finally, joining the hands of its parents, and reaching up to the "flies" for a blessing, to slow music, he stiffened himself perpendicularly for a "back fall;" balanced himself a moment, and then, dropping his chin on his breast, to save the back of his head, down he went—"K'chuck!" as an excited auditor exclaimed, in a half-suppressed tone of sympathy! It was a thrilling delineation; a grand performance; the drama was founded in Pokerville!

In the mean time, Mrs. Major Slope had been placed in a carriage. The major took it quietly; fortifying himself with a fresh *chew*, and simply muttering something about being married to a fashionable woman! off they went. Mr. Fitzcarol now "*Marched to the Battle Field*," and Miss Fanny Wilkins danced her *Pas de Pokerville*, amid yells of approbation; and, now, at the moment of "ringing up" for the afterpiece, Mr. Oscar Dust once more stepped before the curtain. It was under a mingled feeling that he now appeared before them; his heart was certainly not deaf to the triumphant voice which told him that the drama was founded in Pokerville; an accomplished lady, though, had suffered from the too intense excitement; and he also grieved to say, that of a kindred nature, Mrs. Oscar Dust was severely shaken by the sufferings of her friend. She feared, that in the afterpiece of NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY, or, *Is it a Bird?* she might be not all herself; they would appreciate her feelings; they were Americans—yes, they were *Pokervillians!* and Mr. Dust retired 'mid a profound sensation.

Colin was "a sweet part," as Mrs. Oscar Dust used to say, and in her hands, it was a downright *lolly pop*;

the young couple were united, and the curtain fell, and the crowd dispersed, and Mrs. Oscar Dust was no longer "the observed of all observers," seeing that she was behind the shawl, taking her trowsers off; and Miss Fanny Wilkins was getting ready, too; and, at the back door, waited Mr. Busby Case, editor of the Pokerville Palladium, accompanied by a stranger, whose three breast-pins and splendid gold guard-chains made a great display in the moonlight.

Others were gathered round, also, and presently out came a heavy-looking wench, belonging to the hotel, whistling, with a very large basket, and, immediately after, came Mrs. Oscar Dust, and Mr. Busby Case overwhelmed her with congratulations; and then he introduced his friend, "Doctor Slunk; connection of Mrs. Major Slope's—one of the first families of Virginia!" added he, aside, and then Doctor Slunk went through his congratulations, though, as well as the editor, he seemed to be waiting for somebody else. Mr. Oscar Dust appeared, and they were glad to see him, too, but at this moment Miss Fanny Wilkins stepped forth, and the Doctor nudged the editor, when another figure showed his nose in the moonlight; Miss Fanny Wilkins took his arm, and away they went—"waiving the compliments"—as the Doctor observed, "by thunder!"

"My dear Mr. Fitzcarol," said Fanny, as soon as they were out of hearing, "I have a request to make, which will put you to trouble, I know, but I may take liberties with you, mayn't I?" and she looked up to him with her snug little face, shining in the moonlight, till Mr. Fitz felt his ruined nose growing right out again with the pleasure of looking at her!

“Why, of course, you may,” said he.

“Then, Mr. Fitzcarol, I want you to see me to and from the theatre as long as we stay in this town.”

Mr. Fitzcarol felt once more as if he “held a position.”

“Miss Fanny,” said he, “you know that I am always alone, and must feel happy in attending on you. Heigho!” and his habitual despondency seemed to be smit suddenly with a vein of facetiousness. “If I wasn’t quite so old, and only had my *nose*, eh? ha, ha! By the by, Miss Fanny, did I ever show you the lithograph of me as Count Belino, taken while I was a *feature*?”

Miss Fanny promised, soothingly, to look at it in the morning, glancing behind at the same time, as if afraid of being overtaken. Mr. Fitz said he didn’t wonder at her being disgusted with that deuced old Mrs. Dust, and so, arriving at the hotel, they parted.

And now Miss Fanny Wilkins to her dreams; Mr. Fitz to his musings; Mr. and Mrs. Dust to their plans for keeping up the excitement; Mr. Kemble White to the sovereignty of the bar-room, and the “rest of the company” to whoever might notice them; and thus ended the first night of the season in Pokerville.

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### THE GREAT POKERVILLE PRELIMINARIES.

Three whole days, and the great small affair company continued to “draw.” The Palladium was a semi-weekly, and this morning Mr. Oscar Dust and the drama in Pokerville had been duly noticed in two columns.

A career unexampled in theatrical annals was "foreseen" for the manager, and highly exciting intimations were thrown out with regard to a "tribute of genius" about to be offered on the part of "one of our first citizens!"

It was a fine morning, and Major Slope, accompanied by Mrs. Major Slope, was driving into town, spitting alternately to the right and left of the horse's tail, and muttering again something about fashionable *e-klat*.

"That is my affair, Major Slope," rattled the lady. "If you won't retain the lead, I will; and, if you don't know how to entertain *artistes* of distinction, I do. Mrs. Oscar Dust has received the homage of every person of genius in the country, as you may see from her scrap-book, and, if I have a *characteristic*, it is my appreciation of genius."

Major Slope told the horse to "g'long," and then asked "Why it must be a dinner?"

"Because, Major, *artistes* are always engaged in the evening, and it would be too late to drive out of town after the performance. I might arrange a *dejunior a la toolpuk*, in the French style; but that again would interfere with the rehearsals. If I have a *characteristic*, it is in obviating difficulties, and it *must* be a dinner."

"For the whole crowd?" demanded the major.

"That's just what I'm driving into town to consult Mrs. Dust about. Mr. Henry Charles Johnson, perhaps, may be well enough; he has a musical reputation; but the number of subordinates—besides, I have a few questions to ask respecting Miss Wilkins."

"Um," grunted the major, "you'd better ask them



of your cousin, Dr. Slunk; he is tolerably well acquainted with her, people think."

"That's it"—but let us drive on to the hotel, as the major did; go up stairs, as his wife did, and find Mrs. Oscar Dust taking a *wine* julep, as, in summer, she always did.

"My dear Mrs. Dust; so like me in every thing!" And the ladies expressed their mutual sympathy by sharing their *straw*. They were not long either in making full arrangements with regard to the contemplated "testimonial." The occasion, of course, was to be in compliment to Mrs. Oscar Dust, and, at the same time, "characteristic" of the tasteful hospitality of Mrs. Major Slope—both points to be fully attended to in the Palladium. Mr. Kemble White, from his "position," might certainly be invited, and Mrs. Oscar Dust even suggested the name of "poor old Waters." He had known her through her whole career, and was an obliging creature—all of which simply meant that, patronizing the "classic veteran," whenever Mrs. Oscar Dust told a *stretcher*, he was expected to swear to it. As to Mr. H. C. Johnson, the *leader*, he certainly was an inimitable "*solo*" player, (as he ought to be, seeing that he never played any thing else,) and Mrs. Major Slope might exercise her discretion with regard to Mr. Fitzcarol—really, a very harmless creature. Mrs. Oscar Dust saw nothing to stand in his way, if his *nose* didn't, and that didn't stand in *any* way, heaven knows!

But Mrs. Oscar Dust had said nothing about Miss Fanny Wilkins, and so Mrs. Major Slope "*hem'd*," and observed that Dr. Slunk would expect to be there, of course, on which Mrs. Oscar Dust "*haw'd*," evi-

dently in very great distress, and then she *thought* a moment, with her head down; and then she looked, with a troubled expression, at the wall; and next, with even a more intense expression, into the looking-glass, and her emotion confirmed, as it were, by this last glance, she threw her eyes, appealingly, full upon Mrs. Major Slope, and exclaimed with touching *abandon*—

“You *know* the misfortune of our profession.”

Mrs. Major Slope’s worst fears were confirmed. There was a painful embarrassment for at least several seconds—especially on the part of Mrs. Oscar Dust. Mrs. Major Slope first broke silence with a sigh.

“So modest in her appearance, too!”

“I have been much deceived!” said Mrs. Oscar Dust, drawing in her breath and shuddering, as if at a sudden change of the moral temperature.

“So really *good-looking*!” observed Mrs. Major S.

“Her *manner* is superior,” said Mrs. Oscar, hypocritically; “I had taken great pains with her.”

“And then so *talented*—and such a *favorite*!” *ding-dong’d* Mrs. Major. The manageress and “leading lady” moved uneasily on her chair, as if these regrets were not exactly of the right key, and then, by way of attracting some of the interest to herself, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, in a heart-wringing tone,

“What she *might* have been!”

Her suffering was too real—too keen—not at once to make her the object of first attention; and Mrs. Major Slope, essentially kind-hearted with all her fuss, consoled her not only “like a sister,” but like a whole family. At this moment a heavy tramp and a loud whistling was heard in the passage, and immediately entered the enormous wench mentioned as carrying the



basket. She was in the middle of the room before she finished her tune, and she bore across her arm a suit of cotton "*fleshings*," belonging to Mr. Oscar Dust, new washed.

"My ole Missy," said she, "Massa Dus' nebber git dis yer *skin* on agin, sure ; he done rubbed his *bones* clean through," and she ran her hand through divers abrasions in an unmentionable part of the said *skin*.

"Lay them aside, Cynthia," sobbed Mrs. Oscar, "Mr. Dust will wear his *silks*," and then she added, in a low voice, to Mrs. Major, "That is the letter-bearer !"

Cynthia had not much the appearance of a carrier-pigeon, however she might whistle like a mocking-bird ; but Mrs. Major Slope eyed her as if she expected to detect a *billet* tied with blue riband under each pinion ; then, recalled by Mrs. Oscar's growing distress, she resumed her attentions, and, soothingly, sent Cynthia for another julep.

"Yes, the *letter-carrier* !" repeated Mrs. Dust, as soon as the wench was gone ; "she bore one from the doctor to Miss Wilkins the day after her arrival, and several since—I *bribed* her to confess it ; and that Dr. Slunk is also in the habit of frequenting this passage—here, near *me*, Mrs. Major ! His object——"

Mrs. Dust was again overpowered by her feelings ; but came the tramp and whistle, and next the julep, and gradually she subsided from the hysteric to the tender melancholic, and entered into a deeply touching narrative of her *own* early *triumphs* over temptation. "Poor old Waters knew it all !"

"The cry was, as you say, that I was so *talented*, and such a *favorite* ! a thousand wild idolatries were

offered to me. Young Shucks, son of the governor—since in Congress—immense estate—sought to prevail with *maiden* passion; but I hold that every virtuous woman has her angel, Mrs. Major. I was impregnable! He offered *private* marriage; but I, too, had a pride. Never will Waters forget my answer! ‘Henry,’ said I, ‘if wealth were mine, how gladly would I share it with you; but never shall the Shucks reproach you with wedding one whose sole misfortune was in being friendless!’ I was then but *her* age, Mrs. Slope.”

It was indeed a surprising speech for only eighteen! and deserving of this admiration thirty years afterwards. And, now, it might as well be mentioned, in explanation of the deep grief and guardian-like anxiety which this elderly lady felt with regard to Miss Fanny Wilkins, that, in the last town of Coonsborough, a violent paper war had been carried on between two critics as to the merits of these two public favorites. Miss Fanny Wilkins had, hitherto, been a mere “nobody,” and, all of a sudden, to find her raised up as a *rival*—praised for her grace and beauty, and applauded to the echo for her spirit; nay, more, to hear demands made for her appearance in Mrs. Oscar Dust’s favorite youthful part, and, these refused, to see herself and benefit neglected by a public that had for years drawn, as it were, her triumphant car, while the performances and benefit of Miss Wilkins were crowned with the most dazzling success. All this was *too* much for the time-worn charities of Mrs. Oscar Dust. “Position”—management—nothing could stand against it. She already detected unpleasant symptoms in Pokerville, notwithstanding Mrs. D. controlled the Palladium, and here ~~was~~ was a chance to stem the torrent. All she had to do

was to be *unwillingly* convinced of all she heard, and to look very grave whenever Dr. Slunk was mentioned. This dashing gentleman stopped at nothing, as everybody knew, and, to say the least, Miss Fanny Wilkins *was* acting very strangely!

It was hardly known, indeed not very often inquired, where *Dr. Slunk* had got his diploma. He might, certainly, have been one of the six hundred young gentlemen who, on some former years, had been duly authorized to direct the weeding of a too luxuriant population; but it was a mere formality, "any how." One thing was sufficiently known: that Dr. Slunk was "death on poker," and, as he would occasionally undertake to physic *niggers* by the whole plantation—that is, contract for so many pounds of calomel the season—he was probably *death* at that, too. At any rate, he belonged to "one of the first families in Virginia," was "a perfect gentleman when he was sober," and, altogether, the "big dog" at Pokerville.

"No!" said Mrs. Oscar Dust, as she gratefully accepted the *straw* from Mrs. Major. "No—a hallowed passion, my dear friend—open as the day; no *bribing* menials; no *sneaking through the passage*;" and, if Dr. Slunk had been caught in the act, and dismissed with a kettle tied to his tail, the pained, but indignant, speaker could not more forcibly have expressed her loathing at such doings.

"And have *you* seen any thing?" asked Mrs. Major.

"*I*, my dear! *would* I see it—could I see it, Mrs. Slope?" The probability is that she could *not* have seen it; but the appeal was a clincher the other way: they would endeavour to *rescue* the lost girl, but no contact

beyond that. The consideration of "the dinner" was resumed, and, in the midst of it, entered Mr. Busby Case and Dr. Slunk.

Mr. Busby Case was at once a large editor and a "small lawyer," with a broad head and narrow wit, seedy coat and sharp look. Dr. Slunk had a fat nose, bloodshot-eyes, and whiskers almost as heavy as his figure, which latter was relieved, however, by bright buttons, and the display of jewelry mentioned heretofore. The ladies were exceedingly "taken back;" but they came forward again, and the "new piece in rehearsal" naturally led to the dinner in preparation.

"Comes off at Major's, eh?" said the doctor. "Little Wilkins 'll be there, of course; let's have *something* young about, you know." Now, this was accompanied by a look which sufficiently spoke that the doctor was aware of all Mrs. Dust's anxiety on his behalf.

"It really ought to be a public occasion," interrupted Mr. Case. "Fill the whole of first page and immortalize the taste of the town, Mrs. Dust."

"Be nothing like it till little Wilkins's benefit," chimed in Dr. Slunk, again giving Mrs. D. a look. At this moment, in shuffled Mr. Oscar Dust, and his ineffable delight at seeing Mrs. Major Slope was only damped by the fact that Major Slope never *had* yet looked in upon them; and he was very glad to see Dr. Slunk, too, within their own apartments (?); and he had been down to the printing-office to attend to a little matter, but he had found the boy, and it was all right; and now that they were there, mightn't he *ring* for something?—meaning *sing out* for the nigger. And, in the midst of all this, Mrs. Major Slope took her departure, first embracing Mrs. Oscar Dust affectionately,

and exchanging with her looks of caution and commiseration ; and then the gentlemen *did* "take something," and afterwards they took their hats, and, finally, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dust were left alone to a confab.

"Mr. Dust," said the lady, very haughtily, "unless you wish to ruin every thing, you will discharge Miss Wilkins."

Mr. Dust had heard of the scandal, of course ; but he was used to evil tongues, and now his thoughts naturally regarding ruin as only being connected with the *receipts*, he replied—

"Pooh, nonsense, my dear ; I tell you it helps the houses."

"Mr. Dust!—and do you suppose that *I* will lend myself to this?"

"Why, Mrs. D., I'm sure you ought. You can divide the matter between you, and there's enough for both?"

"Mr. Dust! would you have me forget that I am your wife?"

"No, ma'am ; but you would have me forget that I am your manager. I tell you once more, it helps the business."

Mrs. Dust, perhaps, would have been wholly indignant, if she wasn't naturally bound to be first astonished.

"What!" cried she, after a stare, "would you make the theatre a temple of shame, and offer up your very wife upon the altar of infamy?"

If Mrs. Dust had had the chance of that speech before a good house, she would have been allowed to have surpassed even her grandest efforts!



“Why, what on earth are you talking about?” said Mr. Dust.

“Miss Wilkins and Doctor Slunk!” cried his lady.

“My God! my dear, I thought you were at the old fuss, about dividing the parts with Fanny.”

“Let her take them *all*, sir, since you thus regard it;” and Mrs. Dust walked grandly up to the very small-sized looking-glass, to be satisfied that for a woman of her simply matured attractions, she was the most slighted feminine in the world.

Mr. Dust was an assiduous pacificator when he could not be an assured despot, and he promised Mrs. D. that Miss Wilkins should not be re-engaged for another season. As to the present scandal, he believed it was all started by Doctor Slunk himself, and at any rate, he wished his scrupulous spouse to take things quietly, give up a part, occasionally, and she should have all the puffing in the paper. “It tells abroad, you know, my dear,” said he, “and that’s all we want it for.”

And now the indefatigable Mr. Dust went to work, quill and foolscap, to make the most out of the dinner. In the first place, there *must* be a correspondence between Major Slope and himself,—it couldn’t be carried on in the name of ladies—and therefore, in a vein of rapt enthusiasm he sat down to write himself a letter.

He told himself that, without flattery, looking upon his visit to Pokerville as the most auspicious event which had happened since the dawn of civilization in that favoured region; that regarding the stage, and Mrs. Oscar Dust, as highly calculated to “raise the manners and refine the heart;” and that, moreover, looking upon Pokerville as the future centre of such a commerce, trade, and business as the world had never yet

beheld, and knowing it eager, even now, to show more haughty cities (this was *into* Coons-borough) that it had a heart for hospitality and a soul for genius,—*he*, on behalf of a number of citizens of taste and respectability, took the liberty of inviting himself and Mrs. Oscar Dust, with others, to an entertainment to be given on the ensuing Saturday, at his mansion, Mount Hyacinthe, near Pokerville.

Immediately, then, addressing himself at Mount Hyacinthe, near Pokerville, he told himself, ingenuously, that this was the proudest moment of his life; that overwhelmed as he had often been by the too partial kindness of others, he *would* say, *neighbour* cities, (coals of fire on Coons-borough again,) no instance of appreciation, including as it so chivalrously did, the humble but assiduous talents of Mrs. Oscar Dust, had ever so touched his heart with gratitude, his soul with the desire to deserve. He told himself, moreover, that through his whole theatrical career, his sole aim had been to elevate the stage; to make it a fitting platform for the tread of Shakspeare! and he needed hardly remind himself, that, in this arduous but glorious effort he had been aided by one—he might pardon himself the emotion—whose toils would be remembered perhaps by others than himself. He accepted then, with lively pleasure, the invitation he had so kindly extended to himself and Mrs. Oscar Dust, and he would meet himself and his friends at Mount Hyacinthe on the ensuing Saturday.

“There, my dear,” said Mr. Oscar Dust, “we’ll have the correspondence, followed by a full report of the banquet, in Monday’s Palladium. Put up your benefit for that night, and if you don’t have a



*smasher*, with at least six wreaths, say I don't understand managing the Great Small Affair Theatres, that's all."

The carrier pigeon was now heard whistling in the passage, accompanying herself on the dinner bell; Mrs. Oscar Dust threw a light shawl over her shoulders, with a "Sidonian" majesty of action, and Mr. D. hurried a step or two in advance to make the most of her dining-hall entrance.

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### THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR MYSTERY.

MISS FANNY WILKINS *was* acting strangely; the truth might as well be told, at once. She neglected rehearsals in a most cavalier manner; never came to table; used to keep her door locked eternally, and as Doctor Slunk was met, more than once, in the narrow passage on which it opened, there was but one inference to be drawn, namely, that as the door had two sides to it, the Dr. was a man to select the more sociable of them. To be sure, Mr. Fitzcarol saw her to and from the theatre in the evenings, and mornings also, whenever she went, but wasn't it the plainest thing in the world that this was all art; a phiz-battered, soft-headed, gizzard-tickled old die-away, he knew no better; he was even unconscious that he was the quiz of the town, and that the *tremendous* applause which he received at night for every song, and even every speech, was due entirely to the popular appreciation of his good-natured gallantry. Catch Mr. Kemble White making such a "pump" of himself.

He rather, on the contrary, affected the *mode* Slunk; mounting extra breast-pins, sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, his hat thrown back, his heels thrown forward, &c. He "never troubled himself about the women-matters in the theatre." As to Mr. Busby Case, he had entirely yielded the track to his formidable rival. In the mean time, these improper proceedings on the part of Miss Wilkins brought their own punishment, as they always do, and she was evidently neither well nor happy; her acting and dancing—particularly the latter—was applauded by the men, but there was much talk in the church-going circles. A great many of the ladies began to decline going, and those who did go used to say, "What a pity!"

"You're not invited!" said Mr. Fitz to Miss Fanny, the night before the banquet, as he was seeing her home from the theatre. "Why, I thought we were *all* invited!"

"All but me, I have been told," said Miss Fanny.

"Why, gracious Heaven, Miss Fanny, a lady of your position!" The mystery of this extraordinary slight completely enveloped the faculties of the "first singer." At length, as if a distant ray had served to render darkness visible, he exclaimed:

"I shouldn't be at *all* surprised if Mrs. Dust has been saying something about you! Do you know, that I've often thought that she's never liked you since your Coons-borough benefit?"

"We shall soon part, I hope," said Fanny.

"But, dear me! won't it seem very strange? Why, it's a cruel affront!" cried the vocalist, his voice suddenly becoming round, and his *nostrils*—would it had been his *nose*—dilating.

“ You shall not be the only member of the company absent, Miss Fanny ; I should blush while sitting with them ; and so should all the rest of us, I’m sure !”

Could it be possible, Fanny was positively weeping ! and when her companion perceived it, he was seized with a sort of choking himself, which he attempted to conceal by giving his — nose a *violent blow*, and, altogether, he acted little other than “ spoony,” as the saying is. Fanny, at length, dried her eyes and threw herself back on her pride ; whatever she was, she was no groveller.

“ You are very kind, Mr. Fitzcarol, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live, but you must not stay away on my account, I would rather you would not.”

“ Miss Wilkins,” said her companion, and his tone grew actually musical with emotion, “ I could not feel like a gentleman at their table ; on my *own* account I shall avoid their company.”

Fanny’s heart throbbed, and her color mantled, as if she had heard in those tones the challenge of her champion knight ; but she looked in his face, and albeit she saw an earnest glance from the eyes, yet, owing to the *zig-zag* expression mentioned heretofore, it was impossible to tell the precise *direction* of it, and the effect was marred proportionately.

“ But you will not mention me in connection with your declining ?” said Fanny, anxiously.

“ Why, how could I, Miss Fanny ; contempt don’t enter into explanations !”

Again Fanny looked up, and then it crossed her mind that poor Fitzcarol—good-natured fellow—might have retained a more heroic nose, had he possessed a

less generous heart : she remembered the nature of the accident which had disfigured him.

A few moments brought them to the steps of the hotel, when Cynthia, suddenly stopping her flageolet practice, whispered hurriedly to Fanny, who thereupon bade her escort adieu, and ran up-stairs, very mysteriously.

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### THE GREAT POKERVILLE RE-UNION.

Nor the least of Mrs. Major Slope's triumph, connected with the present occasion, was the complete overthrow and subjugation of Mrs. Wilson of "store-shed" pretension. Feeling that, from the position which she had achieved in Pokerville society, she could afford to venture an advance without danger of compromising herself, she no sooner had secured the Great Small Affair dinner against failure, than she, like a good soul as well as an able tactician, made a call upon her less *genius-gifted* rival, explained her plans, dexterously requested advice, and secured a faithful second fiddle for ever afterwards, by insisting that her friend, Mrs. Wilson, should join with her at once in making preparations for the *fête!* There was Pokerville generalship. Mrs. Major Slope, by a single manœuvre, not only secured the *eclat* and the fruits of victory, but bound her rival to her car, a three-fold captive, in that she fancied herself an ally.

And this was the very day, and a lovely one it was, and emulous as it were of propitious nature, Mr. Wilson's boat—he owned a steamboat as well as the store-shed—arrived, having made a "bully trip," and bringing with her as usual Mr. Tom Sky, her "dandy clerk,"

the only human who had yet ventured to walk Pokerville with yellow kids on.

A decided show of anxiety might have been detected about town, if people had looked closely, and there was a lively sensation pervading the "first families," each house having two or three penitent-looking females, wandering from room to room, all in white with powder on their faces, and their hair streaming over their shoulders, preparatory to its being "done up." People, too, would stop each other hurriedly in the street, and ask each other, "when they were going out?" while at the billiard-room and the bar-rooms of the principal hotel, the whole matter, from the uncommonly late hour of sitting down, *three* o'clock, to the probability as to who would rise sober, was under active discussion. Matters at the theatre were despatched in short order, as may be supposed, "old pieces" were "put up," so as not to embarrass Mrs. Oscar Dust through the day with her evening responsibilities; Mr. Oscar was already half through a report of the proceedings as they *were* to take place; and Mr. Kemble White, in white cotton gloves, was impressing upon Mr. Waters and Mr. Johnson the importance of "mingling in society," strengthening his arguments at the same time with an irresistible odour of cologne. As to Miss Fanny Wilkins, she was, doubtless, locked in her room, as usual; and as to Mr. Fitzcarol, he was wherever his humour happened to call him.

1 P. M., at Mount Hyacinthe. The affair was to be *unique* in all its details, and the guests had been requested to assemble early to a lunch and fine language, and sure as a gun, not one of the *regulars* was behind-



hand! “*Both* rooms” had been prepared; two extra busts of La Fayette (not a Shakspeare in all Pokerville) being added to the *sculpture*, three highly coloured “American naval victories,” completing the walls, and a perfect arabesque of blue and yellow fly-paper netting finishing off the ceiling. Then, of course, on side-tables were vases of artificial flowers, infinitely to be preferred to the natural ones without; the piano, with *all* Mrs. Wilson’s, as well as *all* Mrs. Major Slope’s music, stood open at one end, and a groaning “centre table,” proudly exhibiting the collected annuals of the town, crowned by Mrs. Oscar Dust’s own scrap-book, stood in its becoming place.

Mrs. Oscar Dust, of course, had not been the first to arrive, and of course no grandeur had come off *before* that interesting moment; besides, as everybody had fixed in their minds upon something remarkably clever, which they were to do *impromptu*, everybody felt a sort of impending responsibility; there was a general air-*preoccupé*, as we say in Dunkirk. Mr. Kemble White was not an exception; Doctor Slunk had not yet arrived, to ask him to “fire up,” and though he had looked for better things at the hands of his *white cottons*, it was not long before he painfully found that they added to his embarrassment. He finally devoted himself to the exclusive patronage of Mr. H. C. Johnson, on the back “stoop.”

“There’s the Dusts!” and, sure enough, there they came, in a cloud of it—as also in Mrs. Major Slope’s own carriage. There was a rush, of course, on the part of the ladies, to the *piazza*, from which Mrs. Major Slope *and* Mrs. Wilson descended to the gate. Mrs. Major Slope’s new Irish gardener, as footman,

lowered the steps, when out popped Mr. Manager Dust, bowing with great dexterity to the ladies, without forgetting, at the same time, to exhibit an affectionate anxiety for the connubial treasure in the vehicle. The classic veteran, Mr. Waters, came next—Mrs. Oscar insisted that he should ride with her, “like a good creature,” and had availed herself of the time to *recall to his mind*, inadvertently, such of her favourite *stretches*, as might perhaps require testimony, during the banquet. Now came the queen of the occasion, in *red velvet*, rather unseasonable, but then it had been sent over to her by “Kitty Stephens—now Countess of Essex; it was one of the Victoria coronation dresses; and Waters *knew* that Mrs. Oscar had never worn it, except on similar complimentary occasions! Mrs. Oscar Dust descended, we say, and with a dignified familiarity she kissed the two fair gate-keepers, and they kissed her, and then they together ascended the *piazza*, Mr. Dust and the veteran following, and Cynthia, who had been borrowed from the hotel, for grandeur, bringing up the rear.

The “lunch” and dining-rooms occupied the other half of the ground floor at Mount Hyacinthe, for the mansion was a “double” one, and it hadn’t taken long to move the beds; and the ladies had all taken some julep, and the gentlemen had all taken it “plain,” and now, ladies *and* gentlemen, they were all in the midst of a *morning worry*, as Mrs. Wilson had it.

There were the “Bagly Gals;” Miss Mimy Hunter, of a decided literary taste, receiving the *Vinaigrette*, published at the east, regularly every month;—all the “Davis’ crowd,” including the grandmother, who had



danced with General Washington!—the Smiths, down from the saw-mill, and the Browns, up from the landing, &c. &c. Then there was the Honourable Jackson Spence, postmaster; General Bung of the hotel, Judge Plug, Major Slug, Colonel Mug, &c. &c., and Mr. Busby Case, Esq., of course. In the way of art, there was Mr. Shade, who was now engaged upon a full length portrait of Mrs. Major Slope; Quills, of the book and fancy store, who played the guitar; and young Mr. Jake Bagly, who had been turned away from West Point for slitting General Jackson's mouth, (pictorial,) and sticking a cigar in it! This ingenious youth had very long legs, a stork neck, a bowie knife sticking out at his vest, and a very lively tint of tobacco embellishing each corner of his mouth. We "havn't begun" to mention them all, but there they all were, and every one of their names, already, as pat on the end of Mrs. Oscar Dust's tongue as could be, while Mr. Oscar Dust was no less zealously fortifying himself within the citadel of the gentlemen's patronage and affections.

Mrs. Wilson, we are sorry to say, hadn't a spark of the *ideal* about her; it was in this that she fell below Mrs. Major Slope. In the first place, she was vulgarly curious as to the quality of the coronation-robe velvet; and in the second place, she could not realize the possibility of a female named "Kitty" ever being elevated to the "golden round" of a coronet!

"And she used to sing on the stage, too?"

"The queen of ballad, my dear."

"Ah, well, I always preferred straight-forward singing myself, to this screwmatic music!"

"The ballad! Mrs. Wilson is the natural lyrical

expression of the emotions. I mentioned to you, my dear Mrs. Major"—and here Mrs. Oscar dropped both eyelids for a moment, and heaved a fat sigh—"I mentioned to you a tender souvenir of earlier years. Some lines, treasured in this volume, (the scrap book,) are *a pro pos*, and might interest you, knowing, as you do, the circumstances."

And now Mrs. Oscar Dust got into a perfect maze and perplexity in endeavouring to find the page; and really she feared some one must have removed it; and then she had it, but—no, *that* was the complimentary letter from the late President; and then, this was the celebrated Miss Harriet Martinet's private criticism upon her Lady Macbeth, and ah—no, the other was the French king's *own* note to the American artist, Mr. Chrome, desiring him to paint Mrs. Oscar Dust, (among other distinguished *democrats*,) for his private gallery of contemporary genius!

"You remember, Mr. Waters?" continued the self-entrapped lady, for she really blushed all over at being betrayed into these explanations—"you remember, after all, that poor Chrome was any thing but satisfied with himself!"

"Oh, of course," said the veteran, but he spoke rather sulkily, and stuck his hands in his side-pockets, and didn't seem to be any more satisfied than the artist had been. In fact, Mr. Waters had not been made exactly at home, and he only came out "to oblige" any how; and the king of the French *sketch* he had always rather stuck at, remembering that the portrait in question had been painted for a season ticket, was subsequently set up at a raffle, and now adorned a bar-room in one of the Great Small Affair towns. Mrs. Os-

car, though, didn't mind his ways, for he was such a good creature with all his eccentricity!

"Ah, *here* it is!" said Mrs. Oscar Dust, and she pointed it out to Mrs. Major Slope, for, trust herself to read it, she really couldn't. Mrs. Major was just about to indulge a favourite taste of hers—reading poetry aloud—and the more expressive faces were adjusting themselves to a look of rapt intensity, in order to do justice to certain stanzas, commencing,

"Child of grandeur —"

and signed "Henry," when a whirl upon the road suddenly recalled them, and anon, one of the ladies crying out "Mr. Sky!" even Mrs. Major Slope herself put down the book.

There was Mr. Tom Sky, truly, in a buggy, bright as a lark, with his white kids, and strapped pants, and, altogether, a very knowing-looking character, and beside him sat a gentleman with a heavy and inflamed face, but withal a blue coat and brass buttons, yellow trowsers, white vest, and English drab hat. He wiped his brow, too, with a cambric handkerchief, in a *distingue* mode, and, altogether, his appearance, perfect stranger as he was, excited a deep sensation. Mr. Tom Sky lost no time in introducing to the company, Mr. Flush, a gentleman whom Mr. Sky knew he should be thanked for bringing, inasmuch as, that Mr. Flush was just one of themselves, a distinguished literary character, and at present connected with the eastern press!—that is, Mr. Flush was agent for that popular monthly, the *Vinaigrette*! Mr. Flush was a *recent* Londoner, had come up on the boat with Mr. Sky, and had evidently determined in his own mind to encourage the natives.

The conversation now became of a very *recherché* character. The duplicate Lafayettes were discussed in good set phrase, Mr. Bagly, however, taking great pains to point out also the *American Naval victories*, as well as to make some extremely *native* remarks about Bunker Hill! To change the subject, the distinguished authors of Europe were brought forward, and here Mr. Flush was no less at home, though his admiration chiefly settled around *Chawles Lamb*, who, as they knew, of course, wrote the *Essays of Helia*.

“Indeed,” said Mr. Flush, “I’ve doated on *roast pig* ever since I read that chawming paper.”

“Well, I allow you’re just *hunk*, this time, then,” interposed Mrs. Wilson, “for we have got the sweetest roaster for dinner you ever *did* see!”

Mr. Flush chose to receive this announcement not only as a piece of pleasant news, but also as a piece of pleasant humour, declaring that humour was the only thing he missed in America, the people being all too busy to joke; and then he declared his intention of making his dinner exclusively on roast pig, out of veneration for the memory of *Helia*, who was not only a wit but a *wag*, and he loved waggery of all things. Hereupon Mr. Jake Bagly proceeded to the kitchen, and bribed the black cook to spit a remarkably fine ’possum, which hung there, instead of the pig!

Time wore away delightfully, Mrs. Oscar Dust shortening it with a few of her *stretchers*, and appealing to Mr. Waters for the details; and Mr. Flush beginning to feel sufficiently at home to take foreign airs on himself, when another whirl on the road announced Dr. Slunk, and that gentleman, tolerably “fired up” and in an evident ill humour, “paraded himself.”

## THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR DINNER.

*Bang-ang-ang-r-r-r-ang-bang!* This humorous little startle was one of the pleasant effects of the reconciliation of *Mesdames* Slope and Wilson, for this latter lady knew that Mr. Tom Sky had a *gong* on his boat, and she not only borrowed it from him, but got him to ring it now at the parlor door—the first time that dinner had been thus sonorously announced in Pokerville. A general scream was succeeded by a wide laugh, this again subsiding into a giggling declaration that that awful noise had ruined their appetites, and anon there was a pairing off to the dining-room; everybody going with somebody apparently, but, somehow or other, leaving Mr. Kemble White and his white cottons, the classic veteran, and Mr. Johnson, in a sort of a triangular isolation.

“White, this is what you call mixing in society! is it!” said Mr. Waters, with a sort of burnt cork offended dignity in the contraction of his eye-brows.

“Suffering, my boy!—In pain,” muttered Mr. White, shaking his head, and touching his side, as if excruciating agony alone had prevented him from taking the head of the column. “*Bile!*” added he, as perfectly conversant with the symptoms, “Bile, sir, bile!”

Young Mr. Bagly now made his appearance with a sort of lazy leer on his countenance, and invited them to “come along if they wanted to see sport.”

“Bile,” repeated Mr. White, “bile! must stick it out, though!” and away he went in reckless defiance of a bilious cholic, at least.

The Great Small Affair dinner had been “extensively



laid out," depend upon it. In a few words, the Pokerville market had been exhausted—to be sure the beef and mutton were lean—it not being a grazing country; and the vegetables were scarce—nothing being raised but cotton; and the fish was salt—the nigger not having caught any fresh; and the poultry was poor—the people not caring much about it; but there was *that* "roaster" in all its steemy savor, already carved and pervading every nostril! Again, there was a magnificent ham, all green and yellow—as the egg and minced pickle mingled; bacon and greens, too, sent up their inviting fragrance, and a shoat stew was not "slow" when one went into it. Decanters, then, of every tint, and "any quantity" of transparent, long necked bottles, with labels on them, bearing anchors, stars, and other devices—"première qualité," and all guarantied to "pop," by Mr. Wilson, of the store-shed, who had "furnished the wines." Then for the company, they were artfully arranged—streak of fat and streak of lean fashion—so as to increase their own relish for themselves. Mr. Busby Case sat at the head, (Major Slope having contrived to be *accidentally* wanted at his upper plantation, ten miles off,) with Mrs. Oscar Dust on one side and Mrs. Major Slope on the other, while Mr. Tom Sky took the foot, between Mrs. Wilson and Miss Mimy Hunter. Mr. Flush sat next on the side to Mrs. Oscar Dust, and next to Mrs. Wilson, on the side, sat Mr. Manager Dust. Dr. Slunk was placed between the Bagly Gals; Mr. Wilson, who had come from lord knows where, and got to the table, lord knows how—a round bashful-looking man—sat between "the Davis's"—Mr. Shade—Mr. Bagly—pshaw, never mind,—yes, we must mention by-the-by, that Messrs.



White, Waters, and Johnson, were stuck together, fenced in at one end by the elderly lady who had seen Washington, and, at the other, by deaf Miss Smith of the wharf-boat family.

“A little of the roast, if you please.” “Oh, the pig, of course!” “Me, also, Mr. Case—some of the brown, you know.” “Stop, not till after Mrs. Dust.” “None of the stuffin’!” “Some of the slickin’s!” Oh, for an active pen and an easy stomach to do justice to the feeders on the present occasion! Mrs. Dust fairly vied, in singleness of purpose, with Mr. Flush, and between them *that* pig received praises enough to have immortalized a whole litter! “Tender! sweet! delicious!” Then there was “no grossness about it.” “It really induced appetite.” “One couldn’t eat too much of it.” It was the very pig which *Charles Lamb* had celebrated, Mr. Flush declared; and, as for Mrs. Dust, she admiringly believed that it wasn’t a pig at all, at which Cynthia screwed up her mouth to keep from grinning, and met a rebuke for whistling instead. Larry, the gardener, was also very attentive, now transferred to the dining-room, and the regular force was no less efficient, and, altogether, such a luscious time, and such a demand for “more pig” had never tried menial activity. Young Mr. Bagly obtained a great triumph over Mr. Flush in the acknowledgment of the latter, that he never *had* eaten such pig in England! Dr. Slunk asked the lady on his right if she’d take “some of *this*?” and the one on his left, if she’d take “some of *that*?” And he also kept the decanter—setting it down harder and harder on its bottom after every *punishmint*, and, for some unaccountable reason, growing in discontent each moment. But sweetest

pleasures are the shortest, and a roast pig is no exception. The stew and other fixin's had also "suffered some," and a removal of dishes was the signal for that "flow of soul," &c. Mr. Busby Case arose; and, thereupon, all wiped their mouths and cried "*hem!*" The intensity of the moment may be imagined from the fact that even young Mr. Bagly stopped whit'ling a toothpick.

Mr. Buzby Case first hesitated, and then remarked upon the fact that he hesitated, and well he might, he further observed; Mr. C. had addressed larger assemblies, numerically, but the size of the present company was independent of heads! (It would not have been so safe, perhaps, for him to have said stomachs.) "Mr. C. stood before the genius and the wit of Pokerville. More, there were guests present, whose genius and whose wit the genius and the wit of Pokerville had met to honour! A welcome, but unexpected, guest would not be offended, brilliant as were his literary claims, if Mr. C., on this occasion, more particularly referred to others than himself. (Mr. Flush bowed, deprecating further notice of his own poor merits.) Mr. C. would even at once name the founder of the drama in Pokerville, and the transcendant ornament of that drama, the founder's amiable and accomplished wife, as the "bright particular" to whom homage was paid on that occasion."

Mr. C. was here interrupted by tumultuous applause—Messrs. Slunk, Bagly, and White setting down their decanters *very* hard on the table. Mrs. Oscar Dust wiped her nose till it was very red, and Mr. C. resumed.

"What had been wanting to make Pokerville

the heart of refinement, as it already was the head of navigation? The drama. And what had been wanting to make the drama the first of arts, as it always had been the second of civilization? The *Dust*. The *Dust* in its direction; the *Dust* in its exhibition; and Mr. C. made bold to affirm that it would take a bigger sprinkle than *Coons-borough* could get up to ever *lay* that dust!"

This was a perfect obliterator of *Coons-borough* pretension, as it was a downright drench to *Coons-borough* malice, and the way it "took" was tremendous!

Mrs. Oscar Dust was sensibly affected, and looked towards Mrs. Major Slope appealingly. Mr. C. had reached his climax. To go any further would be to get upon tip-toe, and he then might *waggle*; besides, he hadn't any more to say, and so he "felt that he must conclude;" he would, therefore, give them the founders of the drama in Pokerville, and for once they might rejoice over their *Dust*!

Amid a storm of applause and a volley of, at least, three corks—for the majority of necks had to be twisted, the champagne being of the *guggle* instead of the *fly* vintage—it was conceded that this was just the neatest thing that ever had been said in Pokerville. Mrs. Major Slope pronounced it "attic," and Mr. Flush said it was worthy of the "pig," or even *Helia* himself! There was nothing but dust about the table, and in a perfect cloud of it, though a radiant one, Mr. Dust arose.

Mr. Dust remarked that he was not a facetious man; he would not attempt to throw *dust* in their eyes; he was afraid they might be choked with *dust*; yet *dust* he was, and unto *dust* he must return, and, therefore,

he would go on; and forthwith Mr. Dust stopped awhile to let them get through laughing, for this little unpremeditated sally tickled everybody amazingly; and Mr. Dust knew it would, as he had tested the effect of it on apt occasions ever since he had been a manager. The glow of hilarity was extreme, except in the cases of Messrs. Slunk and Waters—the latter of whom appeared to be abstractedly writing some treasured wrong with the point of a fork upon the table-cloth. Mr. Dust resumed, with the remark that he would “first, however, wash the dust out of his mouth”—a lavation that, with a cheer, was generally imitated.

Mr. Dust would now beg to be serious—Mrs. D. and Mrs. Major following, gave the signal for a change of feature instantly. Yes, Mr. Dust owed too much to Pokerville, and too much to his own feelings as a man, longer to indulge in the mere *sparkle of wit*, which, like the champagne they were drinking, effervesced but to exhale. Mr. Dust had prepared his figure under the reasonable expectation of a tolerably lively article; but, as it happened, the application was not so clear, seeing that young Mr. Bagly had already broken three slim glasses, driving them through his hand in the attempt to raise “a bead;” while more cautious gentlemen were actually stirring up theirs with crusts, and the ladies were precipitating into *theirs* raisin after raisin without sending a globule to the surface. Mr. Dust went on through. Yes, Mr. Dust *would* look serious; he would remember that, but a short time ago, he had arrived in Pokerville with no invitation save his confidence in man—no introduction save that of his letters; he would remember that

the drama, without the promise of a roof, had found a dome possessing even peculiar advantages, and that, with nothing but her legitimate resources, and, might he add, some small amount of talent and energy to aid her, she now sat "firm as the marble, founded as the rock." "Yes," said Mr. Dust, pardonably yielding to a generous enthusiasm, "destroy your present temple; let even convulsion level it with the earth, (on a strict estimate, a fall of ten feet,) yet will it rise again—again will genius thrill the breast of sympathy." No less generous as a boast than delicate as a compliment, all hearts responded to this. Mrs. Major Slope met the eyes of the company with a palpitation evident to all; and Mr. Kemble White, as the gaze was naturally also directed to himself, drew on his White cottons and took them off again, and looked towards Mr. Waters, who was still solving something in the tablecloth, with heavy drinks between, and thought that he was right with regard to "society," after all. Mr. Dust had even overcome himself. He looked as if he should betray a weakness, were he to proceed. He looked at Mrs. Dust, and his emotion increased; there was a spasmodic action in his throat. "Friends," said Mr. Dust, "I thought I had known myself better; but kindness like that of Pokerville! I would have thanked you for myself—for one other—for the drama—for her children—for your full and fashionable attendance—for the future promise of next week—for—for—pardon this weakness;" and Mr. Dust's thanks utterly failed him, just as he had got to the end of his list. He recovered himself amidst the general emotion, filled his glass with sudden resolution, and, in a firm voice, gave,



“The Pokerville taste—the Pokerville temple—the drama, while it hails the one, shall halo the other!”

There was a nerve and dignity in the tone of this which was very fine, very; in fact, there is but one term for it—it was *thrilling!*

Applause was long and loud; and Mr. Oscar Dust never felt himself so completely head, front, and extremity of the Great Small Affair Theatres as at that moment.

Mr. Busby Case rose. He would give one other toast.

“Mrs. Oscar Dust.—A planet in her orbit; might she become a fixed star at Pokerville.”

There was something more than natural,—“if philosophy could find it out,” as Hamlet says, in the rapid succession of clever things upon this pleasing occasion. And it was evident, from the growing exhilaration, that people had just “given way to the thing.”

The present toast was a regular melter; and enthusiasm, admiration, and sentiment swelled the stream, at the rate of a ten foot “rise” at least. There was a moment’s embarrassment. “Mrs. Dust!” hurriedly whispered Mrs. Slope. “By all means, my dear,” exclaimed that lady. Mr. Case expressed gratified surprise. And with a sweet diffidence, Mrs. Oscar Dust stood before the company. “She’s going to speak!” buzzed everybody. “D—d if she isn’t!” muttered the doctor. “Never be taken alive!” sneered Mr. Kemble White. “Something on her stomach, I reckon,” leered Mr. Bagly.

“*Friends!*” began Mrs. Oscar, and you might have “heard a pin drop,” as they say in the papers, “’Tis woman’s part to *feel*,” said Mrs. Oscar; “society pre-



scribes forms even for her affections; and fain would I be mute, but that my heart cries out 'You mustn't!' As a female, I feel your gallantry; as an *artiste*, your approbation, and as a matron—older than some present,"—(Mrs. Dust made this admission with a charming ingenuousness,) "I may claim a privilege. A matron; yes, a *mother*. And the grace and beauty present remind me, young ladies, that I have a daughter like you—at an Eastern seminary. Mr. Waters knows"—

"At a farm in Kentucky;" groaned the veteran, nearly audibly, and pouring out an enormous horn; "kept out of the way."

Mrs. Dust went on:—"Mr. Sky, too, and Mr. Bagly will excuse me, especially the last, who has received a martial education, when I say that I have a son—now serving his country—'tis now three years, as Mr. Waters knows, since his midshipman's warrant."—

"Runs to Texas; mate on a steamboat!" muttered Mr. W.

"But these are *private* matters," said Mrs. D., changing her tone, now that she had made them public; "let me at once speak my grateful thanks, and forgive my chiming fancy, which suggests a metrical *impromptu*."

"Your *key-ine* approval to uphold my cause,  
To *gue-ard* the path you crown with your applause:  
*Ble-you* are the *ske-eyes*, an Eden promise still,  
Nor serpent wiles shall tempt from Pokerville."

It had originally read,

"*Ble-you* are the *skion*, an Eden shut from sorrow;  
Nor serpent wiles shall lure from thee, Coonsborough."

But Mrs. Dust excelled, equally, in adapting herself to every thing, and every thing to herself.

“Oh, h—ll!” contemptuously blurted out Mr. Walters, with his eyes “sot;” but, fortunately, his exclamation was unnoticed in the storm of applause which rewarded the discovery that Mrs. Dust was “a poet too.”

The great guns had now gone off, and the rattle among the small pieces succeeded; something *lofty* was demanded from Mr. *Sky*, who replied, that the expectation was unreasonable, as he was at the *foot* of the company, yet as it was a *Pokerville* game, he assured them that they needn't “*pass*,” as they held a *flush* in their hands. A *few-de-joy* of wit, which Mrs. Major Slope declared, would *bring out* a flush anywhere; so that be-punned upon gentleman arose, and excusing himself from a speech, after the eloquent and masterly efforts which they had listened to, offered to sing a “ballad from the German,” which he did, “right off,” in a very deep voice, and with a protrusion of the upper lip and a rolling of the eyes; and which ballad was all about a little boy that had been stolen from behind his father, a horse-back, in the woods, by a mysterious demon, who had all the low notes; and, altogether it was a blood-creeping kind of an effort, which almost lent a mystery to the person of Mr. Flush himself. They never had heard any one “sing so deep,” and as for Mr. Oscar Dust, who had heard all the first singers, he pronounced Mr. F.'s tone to be the finest he had ever heard in his life, combining with the bass the invaluable qualities of the *baratone*.

Mrs. Major Slope, now remembering, suddenly, that she had not been as attentive to her lesser order of his-

tronic guests as she might have been, desired Mr. Case to give—"Mr. Kemble White, and the gentlemen of the Great Small Affair Company." And it was given accordingly, and there was great applause, particularly from young Mr. Bagly. And then all eyes were fixed on the "acknowledged Rollo," who looked at the "classic veteran," who was once more looking at the table-cloth; and, anon, Mr. Johnson began nudging Mr. White, and Mr. White again, abstractedly, began drawing on his white cottons. He found himself up at last, however, and he, in a brusque tone, commenced:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen:"—The familiar sound of which at once drew Mr. Waters's glassy gaze full upon him. (Mr. White stuck!)

"A-hem! Ladies and gentlemen; in appearing be"—

Mr. White took up his glass, and he put down his glass; and finally, turning to the Sardonic veteran, "Bile! Waters," said he, "Bile!" and down he sat in an evident gripe; "society" having received another "lick back" in his bosom.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Mr. Waters, in a sort of "Wolf's glen" merriment, and looking as much like Zamiel as if he had "made up his face" for it.

"Ha, ha, ha! The acknowledged Rollo!" and banging his decanter down on the table, he spoiled Mrs. Major Slope's set, by knocking the bottom from under one of them.

The effect was electric! There was a general start, a general horror! Mrs. Major Slope was frightened; Mrs. Oscar Dust toweringly indignant; Mr. Dust, however, was more anxious than any thing else, for he

knew Mr. Waters of old, and plainly recognised the symptoms of a downright phrensy, which his potations sometimes induced. There was no remedy but an instant "turn him out," and this was attempted by the manager and "gentlemen of the company;" but, armed with a broken decanter, the veteran bade defiance to them all in the most classic attitudes. The attempt, too, produced an access of rage, and he became fearfully *Miltonic*.

"Gun-shot wounds, and female fits! ha, ha, ha, ha! 'Tis false as hell! I say it; I, who never—Ha! a midshipman—and the king of the French—hanging up in a bar-room—on a Kentucky farm—ye gods! Back, on your lives!" And here, Mr. White got a kick, which increased his bilious symptoms.

"What! am I fallen so low, to sell my soul to the mother of lies? I defy ye. Hissed at Coons-borough! Your coronation robe, too, turned and dyed! Ha, ha, ha! humbug, I—"

Mr. Tom Sky, who had stolen upon the veteran under the table, now cut short his incoherent abuse, by knocking his legs from under him; when he was instantly secured, and borne off—a regular heavy villain's fifth act exit. And never had Mr. Waters made one leaving such a thrilling sensation behind him.

The Great Small Affair banquet was essentially knocked into a cocked-hat; but evening was approaching, at any rate, when their duties to the public must have summoned a portion of the guests, and Mr. Oscar Dust, very pale and "flustrated," yet endeavouring to look simply wounded, endeavoured to express his inexpressible concern and mortification at an incident so wild, so unparalleled, entirely unlike any thing he had ever heard of—

so, more than any thing else, resembling the fantasy of a distempered dream ; an event which had marred a *re-union* unequalled in taste and refinement.

Mr. Dust could have gone on to any *amount*, and would have done so, but for another extraordinary interruption on the part of Mrs. Oscar, who, turning deadly pale, and catching Mr. Busby Case round the neck, to save herself from falling, staggered from the room, followed by such ladies as hadn't disappeared earlier ; of course, Mr. Dust, in no small alarm, made his exit, also.

"Tom Sky, did you eat any of that pig," inquired young Mr. Bagly, in hurried accents.

"Not a bite ;" said Tom Sky. "Did you, Bag?"

"Not the first mouthful ; that *pisin* old brown sow's litter again, I'll bet a corde."

"Gentlemen, you alarm me," anxiously observed Mr. Flush. "Pray, what was the matter with the pigs?" Messrs. Sky and Bagly exchanged glances ruefully, at the same time kicking Dr. Slunk under the table ; but this gentleman, still in his sullen fit, declared he must return to town, at once, and off he went.

"The pig was wholesome, gentlemen, eh!" urged Mr. Flush. Messrs. Sky and Bagly again exchanged glances.

"Extremely sweet, wasn't it?" said the former

"Deliciously so," said Mr. Flush.

"Fatter'n common?" said Bagly.

"Unusually!"

"And tender?"

"Quite!"

"Brown and *crackly*?"

"Never saw such a pig!" exclaimed Mr. Flush.



“The thing’s out; the *pisin* litter!” cried Mr. Bagly.

“Good God, gentlemen, what do you mean?” gasped the agent of the *Vinaigrette*.

“Don’t you feel a qualmishness at your stomach, now?” inquired Mr. Sky.

“I do, distinctly!” and Mr. Flush grew pale.

“A sort of a risin’?” said Mr. Bagly.

“Yes, yes, sick!”

“Just the way it comes on!” observed the gentleman. “It’s the fat that does it!”

“In the name of honour, gentlemen, what was the matter with the pig?” demanded the now livid Mr. Flush.

“The old sow eat a nigger baby with the small-pox, *that’s all!*”

The unhappy victim of a fatal admiration for *Helia* and roast pig, plunged towards the door, but was stopped in his career by the entrance of Larry, who bore a singular something, apparently the roasted head of a “varmint,” on a carving fork.

“The devil’s own kitchen to the cook, sir!” cried the gardener-waiter, “do you know the baste yi’ve been ating?”

“One of the litter!” screamed the sufferer; “poisoned!”

“Be dad, it’s very likely; for it’s few stomachs can stand them, enticin’ as they are;” said Larry. “Sure, I found it out by the head of the crayture, that the black divil had put away for a private snack!” and here he held up the fork to the eyes of the dying one, whose gaze became even more horrified.

“My God, what a country!” groaned he; “Is that the head of a pig?”



“It’s the head of a mighty fine *possum*, faith! barrin’ that it’s bad to ate much of it!” said Larry.

“A possum! an *o*-possum!”

“Yis, an *o*-possum, exceptin’ that they think the *o* is too Irish! Sure, their pride is enough to turn any one’s stomach, sur!”

The conspirators now hastened to relieve Mr. Flush from his apprehensions of poison, assuring him that thirty grains of calomel and a little oil would be all he need to resort to, but his symptoms became more decided notwithstanding, and he took Mr. Larry’s arm to seek retirement for a short time.

Evening was at hand; Mrs. Oscar Dust, though relieved from her first strange attack, was still dreadfully “shaken,” as Mr. Dust said; and, with deep distress, that gentleman found himself compelled to hurry up to town to change the performance. Mrs. Dust was to remain with Mrs. Slope till the morning, and thus the Great Small Affair festival, that promised so much for the renown of Pokerville, and the *eclat* of its visitors, was “crucified, dead, and buried, through a pig and a *very heavy man!*” as Mr. Dust exclaimed in his vexation.

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### THE GREAT POKERVILLE “SAW.”

MANAGER DUST was a famous general; his resources were inexhaustible, and his genius adapted them to the occasion with wonderful promptitude. The performance must be changed; for a *dismiss* of such a house as there would be on that evening, attracted by the odours of the banquet, was out of the question.

Manager Dust arranged it all as he drove into town. There was a favourite one-act farce "up" in the company, which had not yet been "done;" and this, by cutting out one of the female parts, and letting down the curtain twice *extra*, would do for a "full comedy," under the circumstances. Then there was a shorter farce, which Miss Fanny Wilkins had been in the habit of playing alone in, and the change, backed by a touching speech, in which the manager should struggle with the husband, would make all right, doubtless. Manager Dust called to prepare Miss Wilkins, but his masterly arrangement changed its aspect fearfully when he found that the young lady was not only locked in her room, as usual, but in a high fever and utterly unable to perform herself! *Dismiss!* such a thing, with the prospect of a house, was unknown in Small Affair history! Manager Dust once more changed his programme. A *doubly* touching speech; scenes from six tragedies, in which he himself should shoulder the classic veteran's labours in addition to his own, (Manager Dust's facility in "doubling" was extraordinary,) three grand *overtures* by Mr. Henry Charles Johnson, extra songs by Mr. Fitzcarol, and comic songs, concluding with the "revolving statues," by Mr. Dust! There was a bill to gratify the most insatiable, and, it being already past dark, the Napoleon of Small Affairs proceeded at once to the theatre to notify "the people." Mr. Fitzcarol was punctual, as usual; and before the lights were all ready, Messrs. White and Johnson arrived, to know what was to be done. They were at once directed by the "change of performance," which was formally displayed upon the "caste-board," and, now, with a mind more at

ease, the Small Affair manager went into his box-office with a formidable supply of tickets.

“’Tis not in mortals to command success,” as is said somewhere—in a book, and no one could find fault with Mr. Dust’s arrangements upon the present occasion, but, unfortunately, the Great Small Affair dinner had attracted too much attention, for all Pokerville not to be already aware of “how it came off;” and the ’possum disaster, with young Mr. Bagly to make the most of it, was already affording the town play enough for that night. The curtain rose to a slim house, and even these were not as much carried away by Manager Dust’s eloquence as he flattered himself would be the case. However, they applauded, and the offer, distantly glanced at, of money being “returned” was not likely to be taken advantage of, when there was a “rush of six”—without tickets—in front, and every tongue of them informed the speaker before the curtain, that Mr. Waters had just been shot!

“Dead as a nit?”

“Right through the head!”

“Up to the hotel!”

“By Dave Bagly!”

The theatre was cleared in an instant, as was the box-office of its receipts, all running to “get the hang” of the scrape, and the Founder of the Drama in Pokerville, like other great men who had gone before him, was left to his own *lights*, alas!

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There lay the veteran, sure enough, on the bar-room floor, his hair matted with blood, and Bagly, with a revolver in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth, pacing up and down beside his expiring victim. There was

a great crowd about, and the chafed and excited manager soon mingled in it. The story was a very short and very plain one, as usual; Mr. Waters had come into town, alone, "rearin' up and playin' h—ll;" had run foul of the wrong one, Mr. Bagly, and had got his brains blown out, "like a dog!" And Mr. Bagly was there, with five more barrels, to do the same for any gentleman who might say "shucks!" Mr. Dust was not the man to use any offensive monosyllable of the kind; but he *did* say that it was "really unfortunate!" and he requested Dr. Slunk to do all in his power, and, moreover, hearing his name muttered by the dying man, he took his hand kindly, and asked what he could do for him?

Dr. Slunk now ordered in a pail of water, and while manager and heavy man were thus tenderly connected, he unceremoniously dashed it in the face of the latter, who rose suddenly at the shock, looked around wildly, and asked if the *curtain was up*? Mr. Dust started in no less surprise, when a scream of laughter burst from all quarters.

"Sawed, by thunder!" "Small-affair sold!" "Good lick!" "Send for the coroner!" and a thousand other triumphant jests at his expense.

The manager was "sawed," as certainly as that Mr. Waters was not slain; for, following up the possum success, Mr. Bagly had simply clotted the veteran's hair with a charge of red paint instead of his own brains, and the drench of cold water had restored these latter to consciousness, if not to sobriety.

~~Mr. Dust's~~ Mr. Dust's outward enjoyment of the joke was amazing! He laughed at himself twice as much as any one else did; declared his night's holiday to be worth more

than the most profitable night of the season; and as he had of course to "stand the liquors," the way he invited all to "come up," was as off-hand as popular! He drank, himself, too, and then he took "another" with Dave Bagly, and "another" with Dr. Slunk; and then, what with his disappointments, and his fatigue, and his "keeping the thing up," he became extravagant, and took two or three *others*; and, finally, when young Bagly suggested that the Dr., Mr. Dust, and himself should take a friendly game of poker in Mr. Dust's own room—as he was to be a single man for the night—the manager said, "go it," and led the way up stairs in the highest possible spirits, and was soon making the highest possible bets, and never stopped getting wilder, and "going" more and more on his cards, till his last draught on his funds was unhonoured, and, in a perfect whirl, calling for more "peach," and lamenting Mrs. Oscar, and making arrangements to bury "the veteran," and changing the pieces, and d—m—g Coons-borough, he found himself on the bed, where, albeit, he was wrong end in; he was right side up for all sleeping purposes, and so exeunt Messrs. Slunk and Bagly.

"And you mean to fix the thing, sure, to-night?" inquired the latter, of his companion, as they stood on the steps of the hotel.

"Or shoot some one, by G—d!" replied the M. D., savagely. "Put it through *before* daylight, or die! Give us light. My name's *Captain Scott*, I reckon!"

The Captain Scott in question must have been a man of some invincible quality or other, if, with his name, the doctor assumed his manner on this occasion!

Some two hours after this, Mr. Dave Bagly was



shaken out of a favourite dream of his—the exercise of a small sleight of hand in the case of certain cards—by Cynthia, who had returned to town, it seemed, and who told him, “Dat Massa Doc Slunk was lyin’ dead, for sure, under Miss Fanny’s winder!”

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### THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR SCANDAL.

FOR the first time within the circle of Pokerville “society”—that is, the *inner* circle,—on a fine Sabbath morning, too, there existed the flutter and fluster of a loud and lively scandal—more, a *theatrical* scandal! From Parson Hyme, through every ramification of church connection, before nine o’clock, there was a foul mystery,—an eager horror,—a general “I said so!”—stirring and thrilling, and goading every sense of decency and propriety into every utterance of pious regret and holy denunciation! The “fashionable leader,” somehow, had more to do with it than anybody else, for what could be expected of levelling herself with “*such* people;” and Mrs. Wilson of the store-shed was *particeps criminis*, also, and even the store-shed itself was tried, condemned, and only waiting execution! So much for introducing a theatre!—and so much for admitting actors into society!—and so much for complimentary dinners!—and so much for newspaper puffery!—and so much for fat leading ladies!—and so much for light loose ones! Everybody knew it!—everybody said it!—everybody saw it. And now, pray, what was it all about?



What! nothing more nor less than a brutal and bloody fight, at midnight, in Miss Fanny Wilkins's chamber, between two of her gallants, one of whom succeeded in throwing the other out of the window! That was the simple subject which was to feed Parson Hyme's morning discourse, and supply his whole congregation for the remainder of the day; with Mrs. Major Slope and her entire literary and fashionable *elique* dashed over it as a seasoning.

About the bar-rooms the excitement was equally great. Slunk was next to dead, that was certain; contusions all over his body, and talking as if out of his senses. He had evidently been thrown out of the window, and the only question was, who had done it? Some hinted at Dave Bagly, and others at Tom Sky, and others that old "Figurehead" Fitzcarol might be the man, in support of which idea, it was remembered that he had left the hotel at sunrise;—his constant custom every Sunday, poor fellow;—to wander in the country all day long. As for the negroes, they had their stories, too, built upon the positive averment of Cynthy, who happened to have been up, and who saw, with her own eyes, the "debbel" himself appear with Massa Slunk, not at Miss Fanny's window, but on the roof just above it, and after wringing his neck, chicken fashion, "drap" him right down, and then fly off in the shape of a big buzzard! In the mean time, Fanny was struggling under an access of fever, but steadily refusing all attendance save that of Cynthy; the doctor was undergoing a series of fomentations at the hand of Bagly; and Manager Dust was endeavouring to recall his recollection under the interrogatories of Mrs. D., who, having recovered her stomach, and growing im-

patient at Mr. D.'s delay in coming out for her, had caused herself to be driven in at once.

"Yes, my dear," said the manager, with a suppressed hiccough which he dexterously turned into an abrupt *ah!* "An attack similar to your own. It didn't come on until—*ah!*—late, though,—after the dismiss!"

"You dismissed, Mr. Dust!"

"Had to do it; it was you or nothing, my dear. They demanded—*ah!*—their money"—

"But in bed with your boots and clothes on! Why"—

"Just as I was attacked, my dear! Hadn't power to help myself! I thought of *you* though, my love—*ah!*" Here the Napoleon of Small Affairs attempted to reach the pitcher, but brought himself up in exactly the opposite corner; and then he brought himself *down* on a band-box, containing a choice couple of Mrs. D.'s stage-hats.

"Dust!" cried the amazed lady, "are you drunk?"

"No, my dear, that d—d 'possum, that's all!"

"'Possum, sir! You have availed yourself of my absence—suffering though I was—to indulge in a debauch!" And here, as if thrilled with a sudden presentiment, the indignant manageress rushed at him, thrust her hand into one of his side pockets, drew from it a bunch of keys, and opening a private drawer in their strong box, found it empty!

"*Dust!*" screamed the lady; but with a surer aim than he had made at the pitcher, Dust hit the door handle and vanished, retreating, without a hope, the full length of the passage, and, finally, as the result of his Waterloo, exiling himself to his Helena—Cynthia's mattress in the garret—for the remainder of the day.

“*Prehaps*,” Parson Hyme didn’t put it in to Pokerville for two mortal hours; and *prehaps* Pokerville didn’t wiggle, wince, and finally “flummix” right beneath him! . Mrs. Major Slope wasn’t there, and *prehaps* Parson Hyme didn’t take advantage of it to talk about the desertion of one altar for that of another—*fashion!* Mrs. Major Slope wasn’t there, but Mrs. Wilson *was*, and *prehaps* her round little husband didn’t feel himself flattened right out, only wishing that he might also be rolled up and put away for ever more, out of all possible reach; and *prehaps* he didn’t curse the day when he had consented that his store-shed should be condemned to fame and made a “temple” of! Mr. Flush was there too, with Miss Mimy Hunter, and other ladies, and he really, at first sight, looked as if he was very much overcome by his self-reproaches, but it was recollected that he had had a dreadful time with his stomach the night before, so after all it might have been that. And Mr. Tom Sky was there, in his yellow kids, with another pew full of ladies; but he, on the contrary, kept looking the Rev. Mr. Hyme right in the face all the time, except when he bent to void his tobacco juice, and, altogether, he carried it off as none but a man who was used to steamboat explosions possibly could have done.

Everybody went home piously sharpened up for their dinner, over which, conjecture, comment and surprise were as rife as ever. And now, by way of keeping up the excitement, every horse and every vehicle was chartered for the afternoon, and juleps, milk punches, and ten-pins, out of town, brought round the evening. Manager Dust was sought for in vain, while the editor of the Palladium puffed his cigar, and affected a close

knowledge of the whole affair, his conduct being an acted illustration of his article for the next morning, in which he stated that "motives of delicacy dictated a suppression of *particulars*, for the present." The theatrical world was big with further events, which cast their shadows before, too, not the least ghastly of which was the classic veteran, Mr. Waters, who, still muddled, mysterious, and full of ill-defined, but indignant grandeur, paced the bar-room of the hotel ejaculating "*pickles!*" and screwing his face about as if in the act of swallowing, compulsorily, a very sour one.

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#### THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR CHASTISEMENT.

MONDAY Morning! The *Palladium* faithfully appeared, giving a full report of the Great Small Affair dinner—all but the 'possum, that dish not being inserted in the *carte* at all. A brief editorial alluded to a certain "unpleasant" affair, as has been mentioned, and a very long and enthusiastic editorial reminded the taste and beauty of Pokerville, that the amiable and "genius-gifted" Mrs. Oscar Dust took her benefit on that evening.

A new piece was to be performed, and, there being a positive necessity for her presence, Miss Fanny Wilkins, though seemingly more dead than alive, made her appearance at rehearsal; she was evidently suffering, mentally, from some cause or other, though what it was she kept to herself; and, in fact, there was little show of sympathy to induce confidence. Mrs. Oscar Dust was wrapt in gloom and distance, at the prompt table.

waiting for Mr. Dust, who had run down to the printing office; Mr. Kemble White, striding up and down over a new part, was wrapt up in future greatness, Mr. Waters was wrapt up in a misty recollection of some extraordinary circumstance or other for which he had to apologize; and Mr. Johnson was about town, borrowing *properties*. Mr. Fitzcarol was naturally the last person who would hear any thing in the way of scandal, never dealing in the article, and, besides, he had spent the day before in exploring the hills and hollows, not that he was entirely ignorant that Fanny was spoken against, but then he knew that Mrs. Dust couldn't endure her, and the other followed, as a matter of course. Besides, Fanny had never invited his interference in any way, and he had too much delicacy by broaching the subject, to make her think, perhaps, that it was necessary. He was now describing to her the incidents of his ramble, and suggesting to her a ride over the same track as likely to do her good, when Mr. Johnson rushed in with the information that Dr. Slunk, pistol in hand, was parading before the door of the theatre! Fanny Wilkins turned pallid and nearly fainted at the news. There was a general thrill! Something desperate was impending, and who knew who might not come in for a share of it! Mrs. Oscar Dust started up, her face glowing with a pent-up rage.

“So, Miss Wilkins, public exposure at last! shameful and abandoned; regardless of propriety as destructive of the best interests of the establishment! Disappointment, dismissal, and disgrace, Miss; these are your appeals to public notice! closed on Saturday; ruined again to night; disgraceful!”

The indignant manageress took several short turns,



of the entire breadth of the *proscenium*, whilst Fanny, first flushing up to her temples, assayed to speak, but, choking with emotion, changed to a burst of passionate sobs and tears. Mr. Fitzcarol was all amazement! "Gracious me!" said he, "this is very strange—very! It is cruel—distinctly it is! You charge Miss Wilkins, madam, with misconduct! I'll see what this gentleman means myself!" He turned to go, but ere making a step Fanny stopped him with almost a wild earnestness.

"No!—no!—not for the world, Mr. Fitzcarol! It is me he wishes to see,—for Heavens sake not you! I'll go to him!" and while all stood motionless in surprise, she dropped her veil and walked rapidly without.

Mr. Dust was coming as rapidly down the street as his yet unsteady legs would permit, when what was his surprise to see Dr. Slunk—a patch on one side of his face, and a terrible swelling on the other—his eyes, too, inflamed as if with other stimulant than passion—advancing in swaggering triumph with Miss Fanny Wilkins on his arm, and followed at a short distance by Mr. Jake Bagly and a crowd as leering and chuckling as himself.

"Why, doctor—ah——"

"How *are* you, Dust," said the doctor, patronizingly, assuming a familiar air with Fanny, at the same time.

"Ah—a, Miss Wilkins," continued the manager, "the rehearsal is surely not over!"

"The fact is, Dust," said the doctor, "you must spare Miss Fanny this morning, for I *can't*; she has an engagement with me, now!"

A laugh from the crowd behind was heard, and with a shudder Fanny pressed forward.



“She’ll be all right at night, Dust!” cried Slunk, using a theatrical phrase, jeeringly, and in another moment the manager was surrounded by Bagly and his “crowd.” He was quizzed and slapped on the back, and “old hoss’d,” when, suddenly, he felt himself, also, grasped by the collar, and the next, a stinging, whizzing, cutting, maddening shower of lashes, from a cowskin, saluted his back and shoulders! Now rose such a mingled yelling-shout, scream and laughter—as never had been heard in Pokerville.

“Hats off”—“Encore”—“Music”—“Go it, major”—“Keep up the Dust”—“A little more ’possum”—“First time this season”—“Particular request,” &c. In the mean time, exercising unusual activity, and with the most eager desire in the world to “explain,” if he might only be permitted, Manager Dust threw himself into more positions than ever he had studied for the revolving statues! Whack—thwack, came the blows: skip—slip—trip went the manager; *Hurraw!* went the crowd, till, finally, as coolly as could be, Major Slope emptied his mouth of an accumulation of tobacco juice, let go of Mr. Dust’s collar, and then, merely remarking that the next time that gentleman wished to correspond with him (the major) he hoped that he (the major) might be permitted to write his own replies, he (the major) took a fresh *chew* and walked off.

This was an unparalleled proceeding. The astonished Small Affair Manager appealed to the crowd if it wasn’t? A man who had forced attentions upon him! one whose house and household had been placed at his disposal! Their wives bosom friends! In his whole career he had never felt so amazed! He could not believe it even then! It wasn’t real! In fact, it hadn’t

taken place! Manager Dust, however, rubbed his shoulders, and evinced an uneasiness under his broadcloth, rather indicative of the painful truth of the matter; but the "gentlemen of the company" now appearing, he was again seized with an anxiety regarding the rehearsal; he hoped that Mr. Fitzcarol would ascertain when Miss Wilkins would *probably* be down; and he begged that Mr. White would at once return with him, and what with his wriggling his shoulders, and his business airs with "the company," and his *keeping it up* with the crowd, he had more on his hands than even the Napoleon of Small Affairs could get along with! He finally *sloped* with a lively step for the theatre, and the screaming crowd took their way to the hotel.

Miss Fanny Wilkins sat in her room, apparently rendered speechless by the tumult of her emotions; Doctor Slunk, with a malignant enjoyment, sat familiarly near her, and Cynthia, with one hand on the door, as if to keep it open, stood glow'ring and puckering out her huge lips, when a tap was heard, and Mr. Fitzcarol respectfully made his obeisance. Doctor Slunk's brows contracted, and he started up.

"Well, sir," he cried, "what do you want?"

Fanny Wilkins's simple, pretty, round little face, presented every hollow, line, and angle, of affright and desolation.

"Miss Wilkins," said Fitzcarol, "in spite of your prohibition, I have called to interpose between you and a gentleman whose strange conduct, it really appears to me, you seem to compel yourself to submit to. You know I would not take a liberty ——"

"I know you *lie*, sir!" exclaimed the doctor, swell-

ing with passion, "but by G-d, you will no longer take them here! Tell him so, Miss!"

"Tell me rather, Miss Fanny," said the vocalist, with quite a tinge of colour on his cheek, "that I *may* take a liberty—that of throwing this insulting fellow out of the window!"

This was said in a calm, I-mean-what-I-say sort of tone, and Slunk's face changed from purple to blue, and from blue to green, and his glance became unsettled for an instant.

"Oh, go!—go!—he will kill you!" shrieked Fanny; and, as if challenged to maintain his character by the cry, the chameleon-complexioned hero drew a pistol; but while in the act of aiming it, Cynthia threw a pillow in his face, and under that cover rushed forward and pinioned his arms in her embrace.

"You aint a gwine to do no shootin' here, massa doc!" cried Cynthia; "I carry you down stairs, and drap you for sure!"

The doctor cursed and struggled, but he was nothing in the hands of the huge wench, big as he was. On his finally abandoning his attempts, she snatched the weapon from his hand, and released him.

"You black devil!" roared the doctor.

"Wal, I is some, for sure, Massa Slunk!" chuckled Cynthia, and then she whistled carelessly, by way of a crow over her triumph.

"As for you, you d—d strolling death's-head," said the doctor, complimenting the singer, at the same time going towards the door, "if you think your ears essential to your beauty, you'll have to fight for them!" With a fierce look, and a fiercer slam of the door, he disappeared.

“He’ll kill you! He’ll kill you!” cried poor Fanny, wringing her hands; “He sent me a message, this morning, that he would do so, the next time he found you in my company! I left the theatre with him to prevent him shooting you!”

And now that Fanny had commenced her story, she soon relieved her heart by detailing a series of insults and persecutions, to make the coolest blood boil again. Immediately on her arrival in town, Slunk had thrown himself in her way; when disappointed in his expectations of a reception, he had addressed notes to her, the first of which Cynthy had been the bearer of, but soon learning to sympathize with the friendless girl, the kindly wench had turned round and became her body guard in the house, as Fitzcarol had been her protection, unknowingly, out of it. Even locked within ~~her~~ chamber, she had not been free from alarm; a thousand ingenious cruelties had been resorted to, while, abroad, the words and manner of her persecutor compromised her as effectually as if she had been guilty, as has been seen. Without a soul to look to for defence—isolated from the company, save in the case of the good-natured vocalist, whose personal safety, she shuddered as she thought, she was endangering—the poor girl had given herself up to a despair, which had finally laid her on a bed of sickness.

“Yes, an’ dat’s all you knows, Miss Fanny,” said Cynthy, with a strange twinkling of her eyes, “but de debbil gin Massa Slunk goss, night ’fore las’, I reckon!” and here she laughed with a mirth that was unaccountable.

“You doesn’t know nuffin, Miss Fanny, kase you was fas’ asleep, an’ sick an’ moanin’, and I jes’ kept

shady ever since. Well, night 'fore las', I know'd you'd want me, kase I guessed wot Massa Doc was arter, wen I see him look so brac at him wittles, an' so you know I cum in to sleep in your room, Miss Fanny, same as ebery other night, kase you 'fraid to sleep alone, an' 'way long in de night, I hears a sorter pushin' at de winder. I kep' shady, Miss Fanny, bress de Lord, I did—no light dar—an' bime-by a man pushes de winder clar up, an' I sees it was de doctor, on a ladder. You needn't feel skeer'd, Miss Fanny, I was dar, all shady,—and jes' as he goes to puttin' in one leg he kotch it, lor' a massy, Miss Fanny, all dis big double fis' wid de bones in, right spang in de eyes, and down he drapped wid de ladder over him, an' I kep' shady still, jes' to see if he was gwine to try it agin, Miss Fanny! Wall, he lay dar so quiet, dat I goes down an' puts away de ladder, jes' to bodder 'em, an' den I goes and wakes up Massa Jake Bagly, an' de poor silly niggers all over de place jes' swar for sartin it was de debbil, an' guess Massa Slunk tink so, too, for he nebber get hit dat way afore, for sure!"

The wench wound up her story with a convulsion of laughter, and Fanny and the vocalist were equally wrapt up in amazement, at the atrocity of the attempt, and the manner of its defeat; it was indeed news to both of them.

"Is it possible," at length said Fitzcarol, "that you have been exposed to these outrages! As sure as I'm alive, Miss Fanny, I will punish that man severely."

"Oh, do not interfere; you are not used to fighting!" cried Fanny; and this was accompanied by a



look of generous pity, as it were, for the disfigured vocalist's fancy, that he could even acquire a knowledge of that accomplishment!

"But I *will* fight, Miss Fanny, and he *shall* fight! He has insulted us all, and I *will* fight!"

"And *can* you really fight, Mr. Fitzcarol?" said Fanny, with an innocent yet anxious air of inquiry.

"I never have, Miss Fanny," replied Fitz, "but that man is a ruffian, and it is impossible that he can stand before a gentleman, fairly."

Fanny's pale cheek grew red, her eyes sparkled, and, as if suddenly assured, she started from her chair and took her champion's hands:

"Then *fight* him, Mr. Fitzcarol! *Fight* him! punish him!—not because he has insulted *me*, but because he could, under any circumstances, oppress a poor lone girl! Fight him, and I will pray for you! Fight him, and I will thank you—bless you—love you all my life ——"

Fanny's torrent of emotion was checked by a knock at the door. Mr. Bagly wanted to see Mr. Fitzcarol, down stairs,—and Mr. Fitzcarol was eager at once to see Mr. Bagly, for he brought a challenge, no doubt—and, with Fanny's earnest gratitude ringing in the vocalist's ears, and her tearful yet sparkling eyes glittering in his brain, he felt more like a hero than if he had twice his nose! He was occupying "a position!" He was, in large letters, a star! yes, he was once more "a feature!"

Mr. Bagly had brought a challenge, which was accepted at once, and Fitz was just endeavouring to think of "a friend," when he saw the editor of the



Palladium, who, among his limited acquaintance, would probably do as well as any other. Mr. Case was very sorry, lamented the necessity, &c., but it was good matter for the paper, and Mr. Case would serve, certainly. He retired with Mr. Bagly, and, after a time, returned to tell his principal that every thing was arranged for half an hour after dinner—pistols, ten paces, back of the grave-yard, &c. The hour was an unusual one, but the thing would be settled the sooner; and, after all, it was much more sensible to fight on roast-beef and brandy and water, than on a biscuit and cup of coffee. Mr. Fitz was equally satisfied with the arrangement, and the philosophy of it, and so went to take a long walk, happier in Miss Fanny's heart-kindling warmth of gratitude than he had been since his first triumphant success in *Count Belino!*

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### THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR DUEL.

THE Pokerville dinners were proverbially *fast*, but there never had been such *time* made as at the hotel on this occasion! It was a single dash; and from the start, on bacon and greens, to the come home, on apple-pie, it was whip and spur, and no mistake about it! It was to be none of your sneaking, shivering, break o' day duels, but a sociable meeting for the benefit of all, and, apparently, all were determined to avail themselves of it. And now, in order that Pokerville should have no advantage over the reader, he had better be let, at once, into the town *secret*, namely,

that it was to be a *sham* duel, at the expense of the town-quiz, "Old Figurehead;" otherwise the "Feature;" otherwise Mr. Fitzcarol! It was another of Mr. Jake Bagly's ideas, who, since the brilliant success of the 'possum and murder hoaxes, was a "big dog" as well as the doctor, and could do as he "d—d pleased," any how! He proposed it; the doctor objected, swearing he'd have a sure enough shot; but then he reflected that he'd have to stand a sure enough shot in return, and so he gradually yielded to his friend's arguments; which were, that the singer, being made to believe that he had killed his antagonist, and being threatened with a lynching, would leave town at once, and so yield the field and Fanny to his rival, without the fuss of an inquest, burial, &c. Doctor Slunk hated his antagonist heartily, for, albeit, he had commenced by despising him, yet his own lack of success with Fanny had taught him jealousy of another, and, finally, if it were not the vocalist who had knocked him off the ladder, who the d—l could it have been? However, he consented; and Mr. Case, of the Palladium, did not require much urging, either, to join in the laugh against such a "soft shell" as his phiz-battered principal was, and so the word was passed about, and all was settled.

The grave-yard was just back of Pokerville; and just back of the grave-yard, between the wall and the wood, was a retired little strip of grass, very much frequented by cattle, and which, these latter driven from their ruminations, would answer very well as a duelling-ground.

The grave-yard wall was lined with heads, and from

behind every tree, on the other side, stood a peeping spectator. In the centre, stood a group composed of Dr. Slunk, his second, and surgeon; and now, amid a very becoming gravity, (Pokerville wags being famous for thin faces,) Mr. Busby Case *drove* up with his principal. The "feature" got out quietly, received the case of pistols; Mr. Case hitched his horse, and "the parties" confronted each other. - Dr. Slunk's air was implacable, and Mr. Bagly's was haughty; the surgeon had already made formidable parade of his instruments, and there was bloody work in preparation, sure as shooting. Mr. Bagly had a few words with his principal, who drew himself up twice as stiffly; and Mr. Case had a few words with *his* principal, who merely pointed to the pistol case; and then the two seconds approached, and then the pistols were loaded, and there was a toss-up for choice of them, and another toss-up for the word; and then the ground was measured, and then the parties were placed. The bobbing-up from behind the wall and from behind the trees was very active now, for a minute; but each got his agreeable point of sight, and things went on once more very decorously. Somehow or other the "feature" had not shown the least uneasiness or alarm, so far, and there was nothing to laugh at. He was there prepared coolly to behave like a man; and some few, who were not altogether satisfied that Dr. Slunk was Julius Cæsar, began to wish that it was a downright test of behaviour on both parts.

"Gentlemen," said Dave Bagly, in a severe voice, as if in full militia uniform, "attention! You remember the terms: fire between one and three. We have the word: Are you ready?"

The word was given—the discharges were together—when Dr. Slunk dropped his pistol and staggered! Taking his hand away from his side, there appeared a dismal blotch of blood, and now, in the act of “biting the dust,” he suddenly arrested his fall and stood up again, as if looking for a *clean place*; for, as has been remarked, the cows had been there, and the doctor had but just escaped them, curse them! He now fell as if *very* dead; but his balk had raised a scream of laughter from every throat, and his antagonist, surprised at it, also seemed to be suddenly struck with the truth, and, collaring Mr. Busby Case, he demanded to know if he had been trifled with?

“N-n-ow, don’t be angry!” Mr. Case *would* have said; but his first stammer was enough, and, before he could articulate a syllable, he received a sling and a kick that sent him headlong under his own buggy! Two springs, and the “feature” had Dr. Slunk and *his* second by their respective collars! Cheer after cheer now broke from every side, and the crowd gathering round, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, not one among them but would have heartily seen the two captive contrivers kicked into fits first, and into the river afterwards. Mr. Dave Bagly drew his bowie-knife; but dropped it immediately, as Tom Sky popped into the “feature’s” hand a *revolver*, while the doctor, with his green look, endeavored to smile, but only to make his ugly captor thrice handsome by comparison.

“Gentlemen, all,” said the vocalist, as if afraid of indulging his passion, “I am entirely unused to these affairs. I hardly know the etiquette; but, really, I think I ought to cut the ears from these persons!”

“Go it!” cried a dozen voices; “put it to ’em,

Fitz ; you're a team, by thunder !" "D——d shame, any how." "Can't bluff you, old hoss." "No back out," &c. &c.

A tremendous big boatman now whipped a cord out of his pocket, bound the hands of Slunk and his second, and then made a dart at Mr. Busby Case ; but that sufficiently cautioned gentleman, already in his buggy, now set off, *express*, for the *Palladium* office. "No other paper had the news" on that occasion distinctly.

The "First singer"—and wasn't he a first singer in this business?—would not push his triumph to extremity ; nor is it necessary to detail all Dr. Slunk's dogged apologies and acknowledgments. Suffice, that all Pokerville "got the hang" of the Miss Wilkins's mystery at last ; that she was a confessed angel at once, and that her champion was the only *feature* in town ! As for Cynthia, she received more dresses, and shoes, and half-hand kerchiefs, and half dollars, than she knew what to do with, while her midnight achievement was sung to banjo accompaniments on every plantation in the neighbourhood.

The Dust party was nowhere ! There wasn't enough of it left to render a broom necessary. The *benefit* was another dismiss ; and, moreover, two weeks' salary being due next morning, and Manager D. having been cleaned out on the Saturday night previous, all he had to do was to bring his season to a premature close, and leave his *foundation* in Pokerville to be built on by some more fortunate architect.

But wasn't there a house a few nights afterwards, when Miss Fanny Wilkins's complimentary *concert* came off ? Not only Mrs. Major Slope, but *Mr.* Major Slope "patronized" it heartily ; while Mrs. Store-shed



Wilson, and even Parson Hyme's strict church members, turned out *en masse*, more particularly as it wasn't to "a play." The editor of the *Palladium* made the *amende honorable*, as far as he was concerned, and even acted as door-keeper, simply keeping out of the receipts the amount of "the bills;" and, when all the encores were over, and Mr. Fitzcarol got quite as many of them as the *other* "feature," and the wreath was thrown, and the gentleman led forward the lady to crown her, and did it very gallantly "at that," amid the applause and enthusiasm, there was more than one who whispered that they "wouldn't be a bit surprised if it were a match, after all."

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#### WHAT WAS BUILT ON THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR FOUNDATION.

IN these latter-day times, it is but a small skip from Pokerville to one of the large Atlantic cities; so, if you please, in one of them, tolerably up town, you will imagine a snug little house standing back, with a grass-plat in front; and, now, walking in with us, you will see in the back room a tidy, round little woman, laughing all over her face, and clapping her hands, and, ever and anon, running up to a bed and poking her finger into the fat sides of an "uncommon fine child," which lies there crowing and kicking up its rosy little feet, and exposing itself in the highest style of infantile *abandon*.

It is all nonsense to attempt the baby-talk; suffice that it was florid to a degree, and might have puzzled



the most apt interpreter of maternal rapture. One little gush, though, from its constant repetition, might be safely ventured, and that was, that the "Dod-a-bessed, had faser's eyes, and faser's mouse, and faser's *nosey*, too!"

In the midst of the exercise, a carriage was heard to drive up without, and, running to the front window, the little woman heightened her smile by a rosy flush and a radiant sparkle that rendered her, actually, little less than an illumination!

"Why, I declare," cried she, "if Fitz hasn't brought home Mam'selle Nathalie to see baby!"

And wasn't the door thrown open, and the hall-chairs set back for the richest *kind* of a dress, shawl, &c., garbing as they did a really kind and benevolent creature; albeit she did certainly put the screws to the managers awfully during her "extraordinary successful engagements," which invariably closed the theatre for the rest of the season!

"Well, you are *so* kind, mam'selle—yes, the passage is too narrow, and the chains *shall* come out, Fitz. This way, mam'selle; I know what you've come to see; and it's been laughing and crowing so all the morning, just as if it knew you were coming. There, now, take off your hat, and, Fitz, you get a glass of wine, and—stop, now stop—don't look yet,—*there!* Don't you *hear* it? *Coo-oo-oo-oo.*"

"Fanny, Fanny," said Mr. Fitzcarol, with a tone of indulgent censure, yet with a round smile circling the zig-zag of his usual expression, "what a fool you do make of yourself with that child. Let *me* show it to you, mam'selle;—*coo-oo-oo-oo*"—

And then Mr. Fitz poked his fingers in its sides,

and dandled, and danced it, and, finally, after a score of kisses all round, it was put back on the bed, and there was a comparative calm in the house.

And this was the celebrated Mam'selle Nathalie, now the idol of both hemispheres, the queen of the ballet, the preservation of whose legs, years before, as has been mentioned, cost poor unselfish Mr. Fitzcarol alike his "position" and his nose! The *ci-devant* "feature" had at length settled down into obscurity and a good salary, as prompter of a leading theatre, where his steadiness and conscientious observance of duty made him an "invaluable man," and where his cheerful, grateful, and affectionate little wife, with her bright face and *naïve* manners, was a perfect "pet"—and an unspoiled one—as the representative of every possible description of smart, tidy, *piquant* little body in cap, ribands, and apron. Mam'selle Nathalie had thus found her old acquaintance, and, full of lively recollection—for the indescribably sweet smile which gave witchery to her other graces had its origin in a refined nature—she had taken the first opportunity of evincing the interest she took in his unostentatious *ménage*.

"Ah, 'tis sweet enfant, Monsieur *Feets*; and 'tis ver like you, too, mon cher ogly, old fren, for I see 'Otello's visage en his face,' comme say you grand poète Shakspierre!"

If she had said "in his *mind*" she would have been nearer the author, but it was pretty well for a French quotation of him, and it pleased papa amazingly. The truth is, he had experienced much anxiety of mind with regard to the expected baby's probable mould of feature; for albeit "faser's nose" is always the first

*trait* to trace the desired resemblance in, he was not exactly sure, being in all things a primitive creature, but that a broken *nasus*, especially one of such long standing, might transmit itself. What was his satisfaction, then, to find the young one just as much a *roman* as if he had been born years before! It showed, too, that beneath his present mask *mam'selle* saw, gratefully, only the good-looking face of her early friend, the "first singer."

"Do you know, *mam'selle*," chimed in Mrs. Fanny, "that is what I'm always telling him, though he only says 'pshaw!' I can see every line of his face, in baby's, just as well as I can see my own in a glass; and I know by that just exactly how he looked before his accident, poor fellow;—not that that makes any difference, for I do believe I love him twice as well for it;—and when I remember that I used at one time to think him almost a fright, I love him twice as well for that—for he risked his life for me, *mam'selle*; and, more than that, he saved me from insult and undeserved shame; he did, and without expectation of return, or even the idea that I ever *could* love him—my poor dear Fitz!" And here the little woman "*boo-hoo'd* right out," as the orientals of *Varmount* have it, and threw herself incontinently full on to his breast, and hung round his neck, and went on in a surprising way for such a mere artificial as an actress.

The great "star" wiped her eyes, and then kissed sobbing Mrs. Fanny, fondly, and shook the overcome prompter feelingly by the hand, and finally kissed and hugged the baby, once more, as if it had been her own. By this time, all were smiling again and saying, "pshaw, how foolish!" And, now, *mam'selle* declared

her intention of staying to dinner, spending the afternoon, and riding down to the theatre for the performance; an arrangement which just put the last indescribable tint upon the *colour de rose* of the most oddly-paired and happiest couple that ever "smelt the lamps."

"Curtain bell," as they have it in the prompt-books; so once more *imagine* the snug dinner, and the cheerful chat, and the broken English, and the sprinkle of music, and the cup of delicious tea, and the announcement of "carriage is come; and, last of all, as being the most fitting moment, the kind offer of mam'selle to dance "one leetle *pas*" for the benefit of her old "Dieu" preserver!

It was proper—just—but more, it was delicately done, and the gratitude it earned was as that due to a sister! It was a handsome instalment on a great debt, but its chief value was in the rich music of the heart which it inspired, on both sides. And now, with the application for places ringing in our ears, and the comfortable consequences revealing themselves to our ready perceptions of the agreeable, we tuck up the baby, leave thrice repeated, and every way unnecessary injunctions with the sufficiently experienced nurse, look at the fire, blow out the candle, pack ourselves with a band-box into the carriage along with the happy "star" and doubly happy lesser lights, and leaving them at the brilliant and already crowded theatre, we light a cigar, with the reflection, "Well, thus much good, at least, came of the foundation of THE DRAMA IN POKERVILLE!"

## THE BENCH AND BAR OF JURYTOWN.

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JURYTOWN is the greatest place in the west, as everybody knows; and the next tallest thing to its liberty-pole, is its court-house, which beats its big hotel all to smash, though it ain't half finished either. When said court-house shall get its pillars up, and its pavements down, according to confident calculations, it is "bound" to lay every thing in the way of architecture west of the Alleghanies "out cold," and *no* mistake!

Jurytown has its circuit court, and its county court, and its criminal court, and its common pleas, to say nothing of minor tribunals, including "any quantity" of justices of profound capacity. The Bar of Jurytown is of a like extensive scale, doubtless, much to said bar's own satisfaction, and the admiration of all beside. Decayed two-story houses, dark passages, and dingy "shingles" abound, of course, as well as the corresponding number of brilliant speakers, shining politicians, and disinterested candidates. It is a great treat to contemplate, occasionally, the Bench and Bar of Jurytown. The scene is of a very republican character, still, fortunately; bare throats, shirt sleeves, and tobacco, retaining the ascendancy over emasculate black coats, clean floors, and etiquette.



“To be A—No. 1,” amid these perfections is, of course, high honour; and Judge Frill’s court is the model court of Jurytown. Judge Frill is a refined man, was “ever so long at college,” and ain’t done “learnin’ things” yet; has a heap of money, moreover, and wears gold spectacles! Judge Frill, when he mounted the bench, went in for having things right, of course; he objected to shirt sleeves, eschewed tobacco, and decidedly set his face against swearing—except in the legal form. Judge Frill, though, hadn’t a fair shake at first; he held his court in a rather scant pattern of an apartment of the old building, which didn’t second his dignity at all, and it was therefore a proud day for him, when, translated to his grand new room in the great new court-house, he viewed his more fitting stage of judicial action. The cause was one of intense interest.

Mr. Grire, a “powerful man,” was expected to make a “great effort;” the new court-house itself was a matter of curiosity, and, over piles of brick, through a sedge of shavings, all Jurytown precipitated itself into Judge Frill’s future temple. The crowd was dense, the day warm, coat sleeves were numerous, and tobacco abundant. The front spitters in the gallery, under the press, distributed their salivary favours, indiscriminately, below; the spittees below were equally liberal towards each others’ legs, and what with the blowing of noses, and a characteristic *bronchitis*, there was the most awful clearing of throats, *hawking*, and horn-blowing that ever Judge Frill had listened to! It must here be stated, that the judge—whether it was that he always had something at the tip of his tongue, which he never let go off, or for some other reason —



it really was *not* affectation, could not trill the letter R, he invariably made a W of it; and thus it was under the most imperative orders that "Mr. Shewiff" and Mr. "Gwire," and a number of other officials, now set to work to obtain silence, and an observance of court etiquette.

The court was opened, and the cause commenced, but under the disadvantages of disturbing causes which sorely troubled Judge Frill's official equilibrium. A new judge in a new court-room; and, if he was naturally fastidious, he was now somewhat fussy. The cause, amid interruptions both from bench and audience, had struggled on, and Mr. Grire was in his argument when Judge Frill, in evident fidgets, cried:

"Stop, Mr. *Gwiah!* Mr. Shewiff, *this* court can't hear, and it insists upon *wespect!*" Mr. Sheriff bawled out, "*Si-lence,*" in a tone that deafened all but himself; and Judge Frill, in a bland manner, said, "*Pwoceed, Mr. Gwiah.*" Mr. *Gwiah* did "*pwoceed,*" and, albeit there was a considerable snorting and spitting, still the jury and audience were becoming quite interested, when Judge Frill again interrupted:

"*Stop, Mr. Gwiah, Mr. Shewiff!* *This* court desires that you would signify that this court *can't* go on unless there is less *hawking* in the gallewy!"

"*Si-lence,* and stop spitting!" fulminated Mr. Sheriff, at the same time changing his own old quid for a juicy three fingers' full.

"*Pwoceed, Mr. Gwiah,*" said Judge Frill, once more, with a gracious wave of the hand; but scarcely had the restive orator given a toss of the head before he was again checked with a

"*Stop, Mr. Gwiah. This* court insists upon *pwoper*

etiquette. Mr. Shewiff! Mr. Shewiff!" But this high officer was absent, having privately withdrawn for some unaccountable reason.

"*This court can't go on, Mr. Gwiah, without its pwooper officers. Mr. Shewiff*"—an active search had been instituted, of course, and "Mr. Shewiff" now appeared at a side-door, very much flurried, and adjusting his dress.

"Please your honour," said he, "I was really obliged to"—"Oh, yes, I see," interrupted the judge with a grave yet benign recognition of human necessities, "I see! Mr. Shewiff, *this court directs you to take down that leg!*"

Judge Frill here pointed with great determination at a sort of privileged worthy who was in the habit of haunting the court-rooms, and who now sat within the bar, with one leg thrown over the railing. Mr. Shewiff deliberately "took down" the leg, to its owner's amazement; and Mr. "Gwiah" once more had permission to pwoceed. Chafed, and absolutely *pawing*, off he dashed, made a good quarter, and was exhibiting a "straight tail," when the gates were shut before him.

"Stop, Mr. Gwiah! Mr. Shewiff; *this court can't hear! This court diwects that the windows be closed, forthwith.*"

As stated, it was a warm day, and this order was received with a general "whew!" and a terribly increased *hawking*, but "si-lence" resounded, and bounded, as it were, from wall to wall, and down came the sashes.

"Pwoceed, Mr. Gwiah." But it would have taken more mettle than half a dozen orators could have com-

manded, to have carried him through the snorting, blowing, and "*whewing*" that now prevailed; he made a brush for it, however, when the futile effort was, this time, *considerately* arrested.

"*Stop, Mr. Gwiah; this court is satisfied that the last expedient of this court is ineffectual. Mr. Shewiff, open the windows.*" "Agh!" breathed everybody, with intense satisfaction, and at the same time, as if to repay themselves for recent deprivation, every mother's son indulged in a new chew and a hearty expectoration.

"*Stop, Mr. Gwiah.*" Mr. Gwiah hadn't exactly recommenced; but Judge Frill had adopted this *form of blank*, as it were.

"*This court can't hear! Mr. Shewiff, you will please learn if there is any one acquainted with the science of sound pwsent, in order that this court may ascertain why it can't hear.*"

There was a great deal of ceremonious inquiry, and one gentleman was named; but it turned out that his only knowledge of sound consisted in the art and mystery of *tuning pianos*. Another young gentleman was an *optician*; that is, he made spectacles, and that was pretty near, but still not satisfactory. At length the old worthy, who had had his leg *taken down*, named Dr. Stofflebricht, whose name frequently had appeared in the papers in connection with hard words and unknown discoveries, was called and stood up, perfectly prepared to make himself understood in any known language, except English.

Dr. Stofflebricht, aided by his eyebrows, shoulders, hands, *and* an interpreter—all fully employed—was going deeply into acoustic principles; talking about

elastic media, vibratory motion, and the tympanum, when his science was cut short.

“*Stop, Dr. Stofflebwicht; this court simply wants to know if there is any thing in the constwuction of this hall which forbids this court hearing.*”

A terrible hammering immediately over “this court’s” head, induced as sudden a call for Mr. Shewiff: “Mr. Shewiff, *this court diwects that you instantly forbid those workmen stopping this court by their hammewing. Pwoceed, Dr. Stofflebwicht; this court wishes to know if you detect any fault of constwuction in this hall?*”

Dr. Stofflebricht was again running into the intricacies of deflection and reflection. “*Stop, Dr. Stofflebwicht. Mr. Shewiff, what do those workmen say to this court?*”

“*Why, they say they won’t!*” A trebled thundering above sufficiently backed the declaration of their intentions.

“*Mr. Shewiff, go instantly to those workmen, and say that this court says they must stop their hammewing. Pwoceed, Dr. Stofflebwicht.*” But, instead of opening the mouth, it was more necessary to stop the ears at this moment—a perfect battery of hammers having opened them! The storm was kept up, and, finally, the sheriff again made his appearance.

“*Mr. Shewiff,*” cried Judge Frill, now decidedly roused to an assertion of every inch of his dignity, “*what do those workmen say to this court now?*”

“*Why,*” replied the sheriff, “*they say that this court may go to h—ll!*”

“*Pwoceed, Dr. Stofflebwicht—*”

There was an end to the *pwoceedings*, though; for at that moment, a quarter section of plaster, loosened

by the rattle above, came smothering down upon Judge Frill's head, desk, and other movables! A scream that the house was falling adding to the *dust*, Judge Frill himself pwoceeded out of the side-door without further notice of adjournment; and "Mr. Shewiff" departed to "wash his mouth out," himself *in charge of the jury*. A correct return of killed and wounded was never published; nor did Judge Frill prosecute inquiry into the matter—not desiring, we suppose, to undergo a second Jurytown *hammering*.

## A SUCKER IN A WARM BATH.

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OUR friend Louis, of the "Italian Baths," St. Louis, has just about the nicest arrangements in the shape of a bath that an up-river man can desire; but still he hasn't, after all, got the "latest touch" in the way of his cocks, and that we found out recently at the St. Charles, New Orleans. We called in to see our old acquaintance, the Irish lady, who *does the towels, &c.*, and who—more stretch to her girdle—resembles nothing fleshly in petticoats, except it be Falstaff, disguised as the "fat woman of Bantford," in the Merry Wives. We were shown into a bathing-room, and there we discovered that an entire new plan of letting in and letting off the water had been introduced. We saw a shining brass plate with three polished handles, having a "crank" turn, and elegantly lettered beneath, "Hot," "Cold," "Waste."

"D'ye understand the cocks?" said Mrs. McTowell. "Oh, certainly," said we, for the credit of St. Louis and the Italian Baths. The fat mistress of the mysteries shut herself out. We went to work very confidently at the handles; heard a desperate *gugling* up through polished gratings in the bottom of the "tub;" prepared ourselves leisurely for the luxury, and—but we have another story to tell about the matter, and, as



that other is rather the richer of the two, we shall only say that, between "hot" and "cold," we never were so *cocked* in our life. Having managed to get a bath on the improved plan without exposing our ignorance, we left the place, and were met at the corner by a rough, but estimable friend from northern Illinois—one who has made a fortune among the "diggings," and one who can afford to take a "splurge" every now and then—so he terms his occasional visits to the large cities.

"You hain't been taking a bath, hev ye?" said he.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"In them there brass handle concerns?"

"Yes," said we—"a great improvement—obviates the inconvenience of the noise and dash of the old plan." We hope that this public confession may prove some atonement, but we certainly did talk to our more ingenious friend with an unblushing face upon the occasion. He roared out laughing, and gave us his own experience of the matter.

"Old Mrs. Cornfed, there," said he, "asked me if I knew the cocks, and I told her yes, *in course*, cause I'd bathed a few, *I reckon*, though not with them kind o' fixins,—and I takes and turns them all, and there was all kinds of splutter below; but when I was ready, there wasn't a mite of water in the blasted thing! It just nat'rally run out as fast as it run in, and then I know'd what '*waste*' meant. Well, I just fusses with it, fust up, and then down, and then one side, and then t'other, till I allowed I'd shut the derved thing up, cause the tub began to fill. Well, it kept fillin', and fillin', till I reckoned it was about right, and in I went, one leg—but, holy Egypt! out I came again, howling!

The cussed, eternal ‘cold’ one hadn’t worked, I s’pose, and I couldn’t a cum out wuss from a seven biler explosion! Old seven hundred weight knocked at the door; ‘Perhaps yes don’t understand the cocks?’ says she. ‘Cock thunder!’ I sung out,—but I didn’t want *her* in to laugh at me; and I wa’n’t exactly fit to be seen by a lady, either, if she *was* fat; so I said it was nothin’, and tried again to get the hang of the consarned handles, but by this time the tub was quite full, and *bilin’*, at that, and I kept turnin’ and wagglin’, till I rather guess I must a started the *cold* one, without stoppin’ the *hot*, and, as it was brimmin’ before, it jest now nat’rally overrun, and *prehaps* there was the derndest *rise* all over that carpet in about two minutes, that you ever *did* see.

“The cussed cocks *wouldn’t* stop, none of ’em; and I was hoppin’ about in the water, and had to sing out for old *fatty*, any how! I’d rather a gin a farm, by thunder, but out I sung, and half opened the door ’fore I recollected about my *costoome*! Back went old *fatty* against the centre-table, and broke a pitcher, and I hopped on to a chair, and into my skin; and then I broke for one of the opposite bathing-rooms, and locked myself in, and told the old woman I’d give her ten dollars, if she would swob up, hand me my shirt, and say nothing about it! I dont know whether she did or not, but I almost die a laffin, spite of my sore leg, whenever I think of it. I tell you what,” added our sucker friend, “I don’t mind *your* havin’ a laff, but if you go to publishin’, I’ll shoot you, by gosh!”

We beg to assure our friend, that we consider ourselves shot!

## AN "AWFUL PLACE."

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WE have never visited the town of Madison, Indiana, but we have an "awful" curiosity to do so, from the "awful" fact that we have never heard the place mentioned, without the "awful" accompaniment of this adjective! Madison is an "awful place for revivals!" an "awful place for Mesmerism!" an "awful place for Mrs. Nichols' poems!" an "awful place for politics!" and the following story will prove that it was, particularly, an "awful place for Jackson!"

It was during the weak struggle, made to oppose General Jackson's re-election to the Presidency, that, during his western round, it became known that he would "stop at Madison!" There was an "awful time," of course, but it happens, providentially, that in all awful times some awful genius or other arises to assume their direction, witness Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington, Marcy, &c. &c. Now, the directing spirit called forth to ride to glory on the neck of this emergency, was a certain Col. *Dash*, of the "Madisonian (not Macedonian) Phalanx," and wrapt as he was, in zeal and the "Phalanx" uniform, no one thought of opposing his arrangements.

The general was to arrive by steamboat, and anxiously had the whole town, hour after hour, listened

for the gun, which, placed under the directions of Col. *Dash* himself, was to summon the citizens to the landing. It was during a "bad spell of weather," and, moreover, as the day wore on, more rain fell. The crowd dispersed, and, finally, night falling, the colonel himself retired from the mill-stone on which he had taken his stand, in order to keep out of the mud, and joined the amusements of a neighbouring ten-pin alley. Games were played, and "peach" and "old rye" had suffered "some," of course, and the colonel, his "Phalanx" coat and hat hanging against the wall, was just exulting in a "spare," when word came that the boat was in sight, and forth all rushed. It was quite dark, and still drizzling; the gun wouldn't "go off," of course, so, the town being built on three elevations, from the highest of which the landing is not visible, a messenger was despatched to spread the news, and every thing was ready for a "hurrah for Jackson," as soon as the boat should touch.

The boat *did* touch; there was a bonfire in the mud, *smoking* vigorously, by the cheering uncertainty of which, the planks were shoved ashore, and Col. *Dash*, with the rest of the Macedo—beg pardon, Madisonians, rushed on board. There was "The *Gineral*," sure enough, standing right in the middle of the cabin, his hat off, and his grizzly poll, with every inclination of the head brushing off swarms of flies—the boat a "light draught"—from the ceiling. The colonel introduced himself,—the colonel "shook hands;" the colonel introduced the Phalanx, individually,—the Phalanx, individually, shook hands; the colonel spoke,—the general replied; the enthusiasm was tremendous, when, suddenly, the bell rang, and, to the consterna-

tion of the entire "Madisonian Phalanx," it was announced that the boat, having put out some freight, was going right on, and, moreover, that the general did not intend to land!

"What! *not* see *Madison*, ginerel?"

"*Not* see *Madison*!" exclaimed the Phalanx!

The "ginerel" was distinctly given to understand, that if he *didn't* see Madison, Madison would, incontinently, precipitate itself from its three several platforms into the river and disappear, for ever, from the face of Indiana; to avoid which sad calamity, and the captain consenting to wait, the "ginerel" *did*, forthwith, shielded by an umbrella, and conducted by the colonel, descend the steps, slide along the lower deck, venture upon the planks, and, finally, step ashore, *up to his knees*, upon the soil that adored him!

The prospect here, was certainly gratifying; on one side, the ten-pin alley was brilliantly illuminated, and the proprietor of it, moreover, stood in the door-way, out of the wet, discharging a pistol. On the other side was the smoke of the bonfire, and, right in front, reflecting the *slicker*, whenever it *could*, stood a heap of mill-stones, towards which safer eminence the general proceeded, and taking in at a *coup d'œil* the features of the scene, declared Madison to be, "really a very pretty little town!"

"Why, ginerel," cried the colonel, "you ain't *begun* to see Madison, yet!"

"Ain't *begun* to see it!" chorussed the Phalanx.

The general was now given to understand, that he must mount two banks before the beauties of the place could at all strike him, and, furthermore, that, as in wet weather vehicles always *stuck fast*, it would be



much better to proceed on foot. This movement, the general, "with great reluctance," was compelled to resist; and so, as, by this time, a considerable crowd of stragglers had tumbled themselves down the hill, the anxious colonel arranged that the distinguished visiter should maintain his position on the mill-stone, and that the eager throng, after an individual "shake hands," should let him off!

The general nerved himself, amid a loud "hurrah," and the crowd "came on!" but, here, a sudden difficulty presented itself; the position which the old hero had taken was defended, on all sides except the front, by a *chevaux de frise* of lumber, interspersed by an occasional breastwork of barrels, and, consequently, the retiring and advancing *shakers* were walking over each other. The excitement was intense, the risk of a fight imminent, when the genius of the colonel again flashed forth.

"Stop!" cried he—there was a stop—"General! this ain't a going to do, no how! 'Tention Phalanx and citizens! Back out, the *hull* of ye, from the mill-stone; form a ring round the fire, and the general will *walk round to you!*"

This proposition was received with a general cheer; the crowd plunged, slid and staggered towards the fagots; the general was seized by the arm, dragged after them, and, in a few minutes, after not more than two or three slips, there he stood, in the middle of the smoke, "surrounded by freemen!" as the colonel eloquently exclaimed, at the same time giving him a *sixth* shake, by way of showing the rest how to do it, and then taking a place himself in the ring.

There can be no doubt of the general's entire satis-



faction with this arrangement, his experience among the Creeks and Seminoles having made him quite easy in swamp life. He approached the circle, extended his hand, a dozen others were thrust out to grasp it, but the colonel was before any of them, and, for the *seventh* time, the general was "welcomed to Madison!" Round went the visitor,—slip and shake,—"welcome to Madison,"—drizzle—slide. Suddenly, the colonel shot across the circle,—took a place,—the revered hand was extended, and for the *eighth* time, and still more warmly was it grasped with a "welcome to Madison!" Another fourth of the circle was measured, when the colonel again, like a shooting star, flashed across, and for the *ninth* time the general was met by his grasp and "welcome." The general stopped short, the rain came down heavily, and a sudden whirl of smoke encircled him in its strangling embrace; as suddenly, a flare of flame showed a darker tempest gathered round his brow; he "broke" for the boat, the colonel at his heels, and the crowd in consternation,—he reached the deck as the colonel had gained the middle of the plank,—"Gineral, *ain't* Madison *rather* a place?" bawled the latter.

"*Awful!* perfectly awful, by the Eternal!" muttered the former, not even turning at the cry which the colonel gave, as the end of the plank slipped, letting him souse into the river.

As we have said, we have an *awful* desire to visit Madison.

## THE ELK RUNNERS.

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THE following extraordinary relation is literally true. It has been communicated to us by one of our oldest and most respectable citizens, and is further substantiated by the concurring testimony of our senior, who knew both of the men spoken of, and has never heard the story doubted. Major John Dougherty, the "Kentuckian" mentioned, is still living, in Clay county, Missouri, which he has represented in the legislature, besides having filled the important post of Indian agent. He was famous in his youth, among the prairie and mountain men, as a hunter of extraordinary skill and endurance. We should like, of all things, to hear his own statement of an adventure which is, certainly, among the most marvellous ever heard of out of the pages of fiction—if, indeed, fiction has any thing to compare with it.

In the year 1818, the Missouri Fur Company had a post just below Council Bluffs, named Fort Lisa, after the gentleman who established it. There was much competition in the trade at that time, and it was a great point to select the very best men for Runners.

Mr. Lisa had with him a young Kentuckian named D., a fine daring fellow, with a frame of iron, the speed of the ostrich, and the endurance of the camel. He

was fortunate, moreover, in the retention of a half-breed called *Mal Bœuf*, who, notwithstanding his name, (bad beef,) was considered of hardly less merit than D., and between the two men, consequently, a keen rivalry existed. D. had travelled, on foot, from the Black-bird Hills to Fort Lisa, a distance of ninety miles, in thirteen hours! *Mal Bœuf* also boasted some astonishing feats of "bottom," and both were stationed at the fort, during the time we speak of, for the purpose of providing venison.

One evening, in July, the weather extremely warm, the grass high, and the post unfurnished with meat, the two men were playing at cards, when their employer came up, reproached them with their negligence, and ordered them to start, the first thing in the morning, on a hunt. Obedience was promised, of course, but the game continued, each moment growing more desperate, the spirit of rivalry pervading their hearts in every thing, till, finally, morning *broke*, as the half-breed declared himself to be *broken*. They fell asleep on the spot, and the sun was well up when Mr. L., informed of the case, again approached,—in no pleasant humour, it may be supposed,—cursed, *sacre'd*, and *carahoo'd*, until the delinquents, fully aroused, and a little ashamed, took their guns and started for Papillon Creek, on the edge of the prairie, about five miles off. They there discovered a gang of elk, when the Kentuckian suggested a plan of approach, which would enable them to get a good shot. The half-breed, rankling at his companion's triumph the night previous, observed, sulkily:

"I don't kill elk with my *gun*, but with my *knife*."

The pluck of the other was roused in an instant,

rightly interpreting the vaunt as a challenge to a trial of speed and bottom, and on his saying, proudly, that what his companion could do, he could do also, both hung their guns in a tree, and, approaching the band as near as possible, they suddenly raised the Indian yell, which has a most paralyzing effect upon the animals.

Off the creatures went across a low prairie, a few miles in width, leaving their pursuers far behind; but steadily the latter continued their pace, nevertheless. They reached the bluff—ascended—crossed—descended,—one resolve uppermost in their minds, “never to say fail.” League after league the chase and *race* continued, the men panting like hounds, cooling their mouths in crossing an occasional “branch,” by throwing up the water with their palms; but still unpausing, until, approaching Elk Horn river, a distance of twenty miles, by mutual agreement they took a circuit with an increase of speed, got ahead of the elk and actually prevented them from crossing. Leagues and leagues, upon a new track, the chase continued, the animals by this time so exhausted by heat, thirst, and, above all, fright—for the hunters had incessantly sent forth their yells, in this case as much a scream of mutual defiance as an artifice of the chase—that they scarcely exceeded their pursuers in speed; the latter, foaming and maddened with excitement, redoubled their efforts, until the elk, reaching a prairie pond, or “sink,” the hunters at their heels, plunged despairingly in, lay down, and abandoned themselves, heedless of all else, to the gratification of their thirst. The frantic rivals, knife in hand, dashed in after their prey, began the work of slaughter, pausing not till they had butchered

sixteen elk, dragged them from the water, and cut up and prepared the meet for transportation to the fort, whither they had to return for horses.

Had the race ended? No! for victory or death was the inward determination; and, as yet, neither had given way. Off dashed again the indomitable half-breed, and, at his side, the unyielding Kentuckian. Ridge and hollow, stream and timber, (no yelling *now*,) in desperate silence, were left behind. The sun was sinking;—blind, staggering, on they went;—they reached the fort—haggard, wild, and voiceless, as from the fires of the savage, the “gauntlet” of fiends. A crowd gathered round the exhausted men, who had arrived together, and now lay fainting, still *side and side*, a long time, before they were enabled, by signs and whispers, to tell that they had *run down sixteen elk*, and yet couldn't say *which was the best man!*

This feat brought upon D. an affection of the lungs, nor did he recover his strength for several years. He is still alive—a quiet and influential citizen. *Mal Bœuf* became very dissipated, and died in a short time. Our informant tells us, that he has made an examination of the country forming their *race track*, himself, and that they, without exaggeration, must have run *seventy-five miles* between the hours of 8 A. M., and 7 P. M. He is fond of reading the New York Spirit of the Times, and wishes to know what the editor thinks of the Barclay and Ellsworth breed, when compared with the prairie runners of the West? a thousand of whose exploits remain untold, as matters of common occurrence.



## “OLD SOL” IN A DELICATE SITUATION.

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MOBILE, Alabama, is still, one of the pleasantest, as it was, at one time, one of the most thriving theatrical towns of the whole country. Its inhabitants are renowned for gayety and hospitality at this day, but there was a time (1836-7) when these agreeable qualities of character developed themselves to a degree little less than extravagant. The cotton trade was great, the city extending, “bank facilities” abundant, and the handsome New Theatre, managed by Messrs. Ludlow and Smith, with a really talented and expensive company, was a matter of paramount interest with all.

The private boxes, on either side of the stage, had been let at immense prices, for the season; and the dashing lessees rivalled each other in furnishing them. Carpets, curtains, pier-glasses, mahogany chairs, and, above all, costly side-boards, stored with sparkling wines and all that could add to the natural *gusto* with which the drama was received.

Now, these private boxes were, of course, just about the most splendid things in “all creation;” but they had their accompanying evil. The champagne, for instance, was not always rivalled in spirit by the dialogue of the scene, and a *lag* on the stage was immediately made up for by the pop of a cork! Again,



growing fastidious in the exclusive sovereignty of the proscenium, the entrance of any actor of less than acknowledged stamp, was a signal for drawing the curtain and diverting criticism from the scene to the side-board—a proceeding equally gratifying to the *histrion*, and to the less exclusive portion of the audience, both of these parties being compelled to hear the remarks which were indulged in behind the damask. They were great times—those private box times;—crowded houses, smashing benefits, storms of applause, and “heaps” of “State Bank” paper!

Manager Sol was a great favourite, of course,—on the stage, by his humour and eccentricities, and about town, by his suavity and prompt business habits; but, as is always the case, certain dissatisfied spirits—one or two from among the private box-ers—began to whisper that “Old Sol didn’t speak the words;” that he “took liberties with the author,” &c.—the most preposterous idea in the world, for, as everybody knows, if there is a *circumspect* being in existence, it is your “great favourite,” especially if he be a *low comedian*,—this class, above all, speaking “no more than is set down for them.” Sol went on, keeping the million in a roar, and the half-dozen in a fever, when one night he appeared as Sir Mark Chase, in *A Roland for an Oliver*. Now, Sir Mark is a stentorian, rough old country gentleman, and, driven out of his wits by the apparently equivocal proceedings of the two sets of lovers, who are obliged to resort to all sorts of expedients, he cries out,

“She’s mad; they’re all mad; my whole family is mad, and damn me but I believe I shall soon be in the family way!”

A tolerably broad joke, but one which has been invariably received by the audience, given as it is, on all occasions, by a "great favourite." Sol uttered the speech with uproarious effect, when a drawing of the private box curtains, and a fierce popping of corks, gave intimation, not to be mistaken, that his "liberties" were undergoing critical discussion.

The next day, certain serious-looking squads might have been noticed about town—on the post-office corner, in the popular bar-rooms, &c. ; and, by and by, there were divers hints passed from one to another, among the more excitable citizens, that "Old Sol was going to get goss, sure." In the evening, the house was crowded, sure enough ; everybody going from a vague idea that something was to "come off," but what it was to be would have puzzled them to guess. The chief flutter was about the private box, P. S., and now, after the "first music," and just before the curtain was to rise, the thunder cloud appeared above the horizon, in the shape of a naturally, jolly, red-faced, rotund citizen, but one whose more companionable *traits* seemed now to be entirely overcast by the colder shadows of harsh duty. No sooner had he appeared than, as if it was the preconcerted signal, a score of voices called out for "Sol Smith!" "Old Sol!" "Smith!" "manager!" &c. The great body of the audience cared little about the movement, but any thing by way of a lark, and so there was shortly a general cry for "Old Sol," and Old Sol appeared, looking "just as innocent!"

"What is your will, ladies and gentlemen?" There was a sudden pause, and every one in the house fixed their eyes on the severe little man in the box, who gave

a good loud “hem!” and glanced once or twice back at the side board, and finally commenced:

“Mr. Smith”——

“Mr. ——” promptly responded the manager.

“Mr. Smith,” said Mr. ——, and he didn’t look half so confidently as he had done, for it was a *debüt*, “the Mobile folks are not so particular to talk about, but there are some things that they consider a little too fat, any way you *can* fix it!”

The speaker paused and looked round for approbation, and he evidently thought that he had done *that* pretty well, “any how.”

“You would appear to intimate that there is some complaint!” observed the *very* much astonished manager.

“*Intimate!* no, *sir*, not exactly; we *expect* an explanation with regard to what you said on the stage, last night.”

“*What* did I say?” inquired Sol.

“*Say!* why, you said you were ——”

The champion of pure taste suddenly stuck, and looked round the house, and the embarrassment seemed to spread; and, to increase it, the manager, even more innocently, repeated his “What did I say?”

“You know very well what you said, Sol Smith, and *we* think this is carrying your introductions a *leetle* too far, and we ain’t a going to stand it!”

“I am not aware,” said the imperturbable Sol, “that I introduced into my part, last night, any thing foreign to the author.”

“Oh! well, by thunder!” There was a general expression of downright astonishment at Mr. Sol Smith’s cool effrontery.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Smith, that in that part last night, you had to say that you were in ——"

Again the florid, and now somewhat angry questioner stuck dead, and pursed his lips, and opened and shut his fingers, and "hem'd" emphatically, and then blew his nose as if he were firing a pistol. By this time, the few ladies who had gathered, unaware of what was to come, had left the theatre, and there was a strong disposition to make the most of the fun.

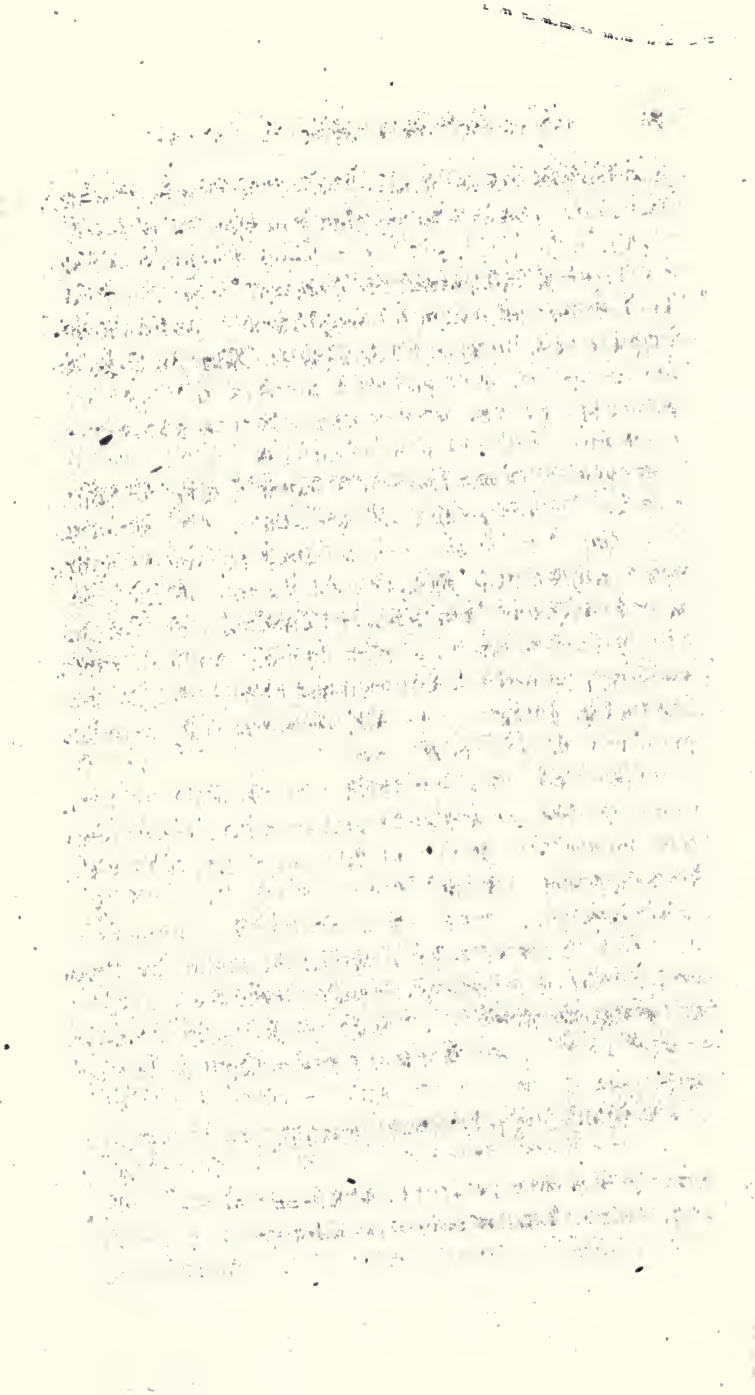
"What did I say I was in?" again demanded Smith.

"That you were in a *delicate situation!*" roared the Rhadamanthus of the private box; and a deafening yell of mirth-run-mad almost took the roof off the house. It was sometime before Sol, with an undisturbed gravity of face, assured the now dancing gentleman that, certainly, he had not *so* expressed himself, but, believing that he knew to what Mr. —— referred, he would get the book, and satisfy him.

"Get the book! very well—exactly—just show us *that* in the book, that's all!" and a hundred other voices now chimed in, by way of keeping it up, "Get the book, get the book, Sol."

The manager went to the prompt side, got the farce of *A Roland for an Oliver*, and, at the same time, the excited Mr. —— jumped down upon the stage by way of having no "wool" pulled over his eyes; another roar of laughter and applause rewarding this spirited movement.

The interest now became "intense," as the manager turned the pages over and over, to find the passage, and, as if a little at fault, finally got down on one knee before the footlights, in order to see more distinctly. Mr. —— went down on one knee also, and







**"OLD SOL" IN A DELICATE SITUATION.**  
**"I can lick that man, by thunder!"**



again the pages were turned over, and opinion began to prevail that Sol was cornered, when he quietly pointed out the speech to his censor. The florid little man could not believe his eyes; he read, and re-read, and, sure enough, there was no mistake about it, till, finally, terribly cut down, he was obliged to say:

“Well, gentlemen, it *is* here, by gracious!”

A solitary but emphatic *hiss* now saluted his ears—killing reward of his chaste intentions. A sky rocket never *ris* faster.

“*I can lick that man, by thunder!*” roared the chafed and disappointed Mr. —, and up and down he went before the lights, shaking his fist, and ready to spring at either pit or third tier, as provocation might offer. The laughing and screaming was incessant, and Mr. — was keeping it up, swearing that he intended to have *decency* observed in the theatre, and that no one should take “d—d liberties” on *that* stage, when a couple of cooler friends were obliged to make their *debut*, also, from the side-box, and urge him to retire. This he did finally, clambering back into the box, and the sanctimonious manager assisting to “boost him” with the most friendly solicitude. Pop went the corks immediately; Sol “rung up,” the play was an interesting one, and it was not long before the quick-tempered but good-natured champion of taste acknowledged that it was not “Old Sol” alone who had got himself into a *delicate situation!*

## THE "GAGGING SCHEME;" OR, WEST'S GREAT PICTURE.

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"WE must think of a gag!"

"Yes, there's nothing else, we must think of a gag!"

"Decidedly, gentlemen, we *must* think of a gag!"

This positive unanimity of opinion was expressed by a small party in a small town in the "Great West," upon the close of a theatrical season, which, after "continued" and "unrivalled" success, had closed, leaving the manager with but one alternative—namely, to "*slope*,"—which he availed himself of;—and the company but one hope—a "gag" to enable them to follow him.

"Now, I propose an '*appeal*,'" said a heavy-voiced individual,—the corners of his collar turned very far over his stock, and those of his mouth jerked downwards, as if endeavouring to recover them; "I propose an '*appeal* to the admirers of Shakspeare!'"

— "Wants another shy at Hamlet," remarked, half *aside*, a gentleman of rather slim figure, with a turned-up nose and a low comedy twinkle, as he sat back in his chair, enjoying his knee and a chew of tobacco;—"For my part, let's have something that'll *draw*;—I go in for a *gag*!"

“Decidedly,” chorussed all except the Shakspearian devotee, “it *must* be a *gag*!”

“Something that’ll make up a bill!”

“Double posters!”

“Red letters!”

“If you can get any one to *do the printing*!” chimed in a voice, quietly, yet so audibly, that the blood of the whole assembly fairly crept. It came from a strange-looking creature, who lay at full length, yet half-smothered, apparently, in an immense heap of blue cotton check,—the “sea-cloth,” that still encumbered the stage of the shanty-looking theatre, from the performance of “Paul Jones,” which, with a “real ship” and a “naval combat,” had formed the hope of the closing night.

“Ah, there goes *Wormwood*, as usual.”

“Old Overalls!”

“Canvas splasher!”

The company amused themselves for some time, by applying epithets to the disturber of their counsels, the “artist of the theatre”—but there he lay, wallowing in the “sea,”—his eyes closed like a whale in a calm—the resemblance carried even further by an occasional *jet* of tobacco-juice.

“Just look at him—*he’s* safe enough—he need only wash his face to walk out of town unrecognised!”

There was very little exaggeration in this, for the “artist” was about the rudest specimen of that diamond “genius in the rough” that could well be produced. His shaggy hair was bound up in a soiled handkerchief; his face was smutted abominably; *dusty* looking whiskers, run to seed, rendered unnecessary a stock, while an “executioner’s shirt,” from the wardrobe, and can-

vas "overalls" coated with paint until they rivalled in thickness, and hue, also, the hide of a rhinoceros, completed his garb;—stay, let there be added, (likewise from the wardrobe,) a pair of very old and discoloured supernumerary boots.

A lively carol was now heard, also quick steps advancing along the "box-lobby"—a two-foot dark passage, by-the-by, which terminated in three steps leading down to the stage—there was a jostle behind the "wings," a deprecation and an imprecation—the former addressed to a companion, the latter bestowed upon the "property man"—and a dashing figure appeared at "R. H., 1st ent.," ushering upon the boards a rather rowdy-looking youth, who had a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pocket.

"Excuse the dem'd stage attendants, if you please, my dear fellow; I've broken every shin I've got, myself, in the blawsted place! I often think of the gawden (Covent Garden) while meeting with these annoyances. I've told you what my engagement was there, I think; twelve pounds a week, dresser, room to myself, and three months' leave of absence—nearly over, thank God!"

The speaker was chiefly conspicuous for a set of very bright buttons, a moustache, and eyebrows that expressed a sort of stereotyped *surprise*.

"Ah, here comes 'Theatre Royal!'" was the sneering remark of the General Council.

"And that d—d amateur fool, Wimple," contemptuously added the tragedian, with the collar heretofore described.

"Wimple," bawled half a dozen voices, "come

here—you're just the fellow;—got a cigar?—thank you!—thank you!”

A dozen remarkably *mild* “Principes” quickly disappeared from the crown of Mr. Wimple’s hat; he dealt in the article, however, as well as in confectionery, Brandreth’s pills, penknives, lottery tickets, soda water, &c., &c. He was the “crack” amateur of the place, dramatic critic, and, above all, had played himself,—Jaffier, to a travelling “phenomenon’s” Belvidera; he consequently was “up” in all theatrical matters, and everybody’s confidant;—a distinction as gratifying to his self-esteem as ruinous to his cigar stock.

“Wimple,” said the low comedian, with a more insinuating twinkle than ever, “you must help us out of this scrape, by thunder! here we are, a lot of poor devils——”

“Mr. Wimple will understand,” said the tragedian, interrupting his less dignified companion, at the same time drawing down the corners of his mouth and throwing his head back—“that the present dilemma in which *I* find myself, is the result of a too self-sacrificing devotion to the drama *as it should be*, and a too glaring lack of appreciation on the part of Mr. Wimple’s fellow-citizens!—*I* make no appeal, save to that self-respect which should teach a reverence for the immortal bard, and—and—a corresponding turn-out on the benefit of his representative!”

The buttoned-up companion of Mr. Wimple, during this address, had executed divers graceful *roulades*, tapped his boot, &c., and at the conclusion observed, with an air of indifference, that of course “Mr. Wimple understood *his* position!—a man who, as a vocalist,



had sustained himself against odds in London,—who had received twelve pounds a week, and had only to return to receive increased terms, &c., &c.”

There was a disposition on the part of others to assert, suddenly, a share of importance, when the voice from the “sea-cloth” was again heard :

“Wimple, these fellows owe four weeks board and their bar bills; the landlord has got their trunks; they haven’t a picayune left, nor invention enough to get up a “gag” to procure one, and they’ll be obliged to you for your ‘valuable aid,’ that’s the whole matter.” The speaker turned over, amid a volley of epithets, threw out another amber *jet*, and shut his eyes again.

Mr. Wimple couldn’t advise, really, the season was so completely “run into the ground;” besides, the *fashionables* were all running after Elder Slack, who had come out against the theatre—even the amateurs had backed out for the present. All knew what he (Mr. Wimple) had “done for the profession,” but beyond sending them up some cigars and a couple of packs of playing-cards, he could think of no scheme. It was a clear case, the “dog was dead;” not a spangle-glimmer of hope;—“lamps down,”—a “dark stage,”—“enter Egbert, musing!”

At this crisis, there entered, by the back-door, an extremely shabby, rather elderly, and very indignant individual, with a newspaper in his hand;—a flushed face and suppressed hiccup added *impressiveness* to his manner.

“Gentlemen—I—am not the *leading* actor of—this company; *I* have not had—pieces done for me to the exclusion of—I *will* say—equally clever men.”—The



corners of the tragedian's mouth indicated that these innuendoes were directed towards him. The last comer went on: "*I* don't assume to myself all the Shakspearian dig—dignity of the comp—ny; but *I do* say—I say *I do* say, gentlemen, that the author of this attack"—unfolding the paper—"is an irreverend libeller, and, Slack or no Slack, gentlemen,—Slack or no Slack, I repeat it, Mr. Wimple,—before I leave this town—he shall hear from me!"

The indignant speaker looked as if his purpose must necessarily be an instant one, though his probable stay, as one of the "can't get away club" was likely to afford him sufficient time for action. Without allowing himself to be influenced by even the cooling formality of taking a seat, he merely turned himself so as to throw a full light upon the paper, and read as follows:

#### "PAINTING *v.* PLAY-ACTING.

"To the Editor of the Skinville Disseminator:

"*Dear Sir*,—Be so kind as to announce, in your valuable and truly Christian journal, that *West's great picture* of DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE will shortly be exhibited in our town; a letter from brother Tick, recommending the worthy and pious proprietor of the painting, having informed me of that fact. Let me congratulate our citizens upon the opportunity thus offered to them, of studying this sacred illustration, rather than the abominations of the play-house;—the divine efforts of true piety rather than the artful ensnarings of ignorance, vice, and profligacy;—the features of the King of Terrors himself on his ghastly steed,

rather than the painted cheeks of sin, mounted on the devil's hobby-horse.

“Humbly yours,

“PERSIMMON SLACK.

“P. S. This great original painting is the sole work on that subject, by West, in the country. It can only remain a few days. P. S.”

“There!” cried the “heavy man,” as he finished reading, “thank God *I* wasn't born in the nineteenth century, though some of my acquaintances include themselves among its *ornaments!*” and again the “*Ghost*” cast a scornful glance towards the *Hamlet*.

There was a great deal of indignation expressed on all sides, and another round of cigars from Mr. Wimple; in the mean time, the “artist” had risen from his “sea-cloth,” looked over the newspaper, and merely remarking, that he had thought of a “gag,” himself, which would bring them through, mounted a ladder, and disappeared. The histrions, likewise, may be lost sight of for a short time; guessing, as the reader well may, at their employment—which was an indulgence in high scorn at the bigotry and intolerance of the age—an active circulation of the sympathizing Wimple's *cigar-box*, and an endless suggestion of highly ingenious and impracticable “gags.”

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“West's great painting” had arrived, and the town of Skinville could hardly look at itself in the glass without giggling, so pleasantly was it titilated by expectation. A panoramic view of the city of something had actually been exhibited in the town some years

before, and there were several subscribers to the Weekly (*Pictorial*) Herald in the place; also, a resident portrait painter, who, besides the likenesses of the Rev. Persimmon Slack and other leading people, had painted for the dining-room at the hotel a view, in *perspective*, of the entire length of "Main street, Skinville," beginning with very large houses in the two lower corners of the picture, and terminating in inconceivably small ones at the top; the arts, it will be seen, therefore, were not altogether unappreciated among the Skinville illuminati.

"West's great painting" had arrived, and Elder Slack had at once offered his church for its exhibition. Immense posters, printed at the office of the Disseminator, announcing "DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE, *for a few days only*," glared from the corners, while the columns of the Disseminator itself, in addition to a long article on the "Genius of West, and Modern Scriptural Illustration," contained an enthusiastic *editorial*, written by the proprietor of the painting, and concluding with divers doubly enthusiastic *extracts* from popular journals, written by the proprietor also. This gentleman could hardly fail of making an impression in Skinville. He was a young man of quiet, but confident, manners; he assured everybody that his picture had cost three thousand guineas in London—that the horse alone was worth the money; and he won Elder Slack's heart instanter by gravely assuring him that his very first remark had proved him to be a connoisseur. The church was darkened without delay, excepting one window, which was to admit the light upon the picture; a railing was put up to keep off the vulgarly curious; Elder Slack consented to deliver himself a

short lecture, and to explain the design of the great artist ; the door was opened ; the proprietor took the money ; Skinville took its seat ; Elder Slack appeared on the platform with a white wand ; the curtain was drawn, and *Death on the Pale Horse* threatened the breathless multitude.

There was a long pause of motionless admiration—broken at last by Elder Slack, who, making a *funnel* of a sheet of foolscap, and, stepping back some paces, took a *spy* at the painting. His example was quickly followed, and, provision having been made, several *quires* were in instant requisition. The picture was certainly a bold effort. Elder Slack correctly described it as a *dashing* one ! In fact, it looked as if some of the *dashes* had been applied from an inconvenient distance. The horse was very white ; his eyes very red ; his mane and tail very wild ; while the rider's teeth flashed awfully, and his train of demons were perfectly frightful—to say nothing of the downright *immodesty* of the costumes.

Elder Slack now commenced his lecture. The sacred passage which had inspired the artist, was no less potent with the Skinville divine. He *announced*, *denounced*, and *pronounced*—taking particular care to scathe the 'Thespians, and scorch all among his hearers who had been seduced by them ; next, he descanted upon the meaning, and, lastly, upon the merits of the painting. He called attention to the grandeur of the proportions ; the truth of the drawing ; the *dashing* style of the coloring. He ventured upon "light and shade," "foreshortening," "foreground," "background," and "perspective." Gathering confidence, he pronounced upon "general effect," "a grand

whole," "sublime conceptions," and even named, unhesitatingly, Raphael and Correggio—allowing them superiority in no one respect, even in their much-vaunted "*chiar obscuro!*" He criticised figure after figure, dwelling particularly upon the half-averted, yet *creepingly* expressive, features of *Malice*, which, by-the-by, was really well painted, and, by a strange chance, was an *actual likeness of Elder Slack himself!* His yellow skin, restless eye, and ignoble mouth, peered out, another *self* as it were, for the recognition of every soul in the church but the speaker! The afternoon exhibition closed; the extraordinary resemblance was the subject of universal, but quiet, remark, and at night the church was again thronged. In the mean time, however, a very singular change had come over the "dream" of the actors; they had paid their bills at the hotel, redeemed their trunks, and, for the evening exhibition, they had actually paid their money, and now occupied a conspicuous pew, each with his sheet of foolscap!

Elder Slack was again eloquent—again *severe*—again critical. By this time he was *au fait* in the matter, and his remarks were given with double effect. As he approached the figure of *Malice*, another extraordinary effect was perceived. By some inconceivable enchantment the dark shadows had re-arranged themselves, and now represented a black coat and pantaloons; in fact, there stood the Skinville elder himself, even to his broadcloth, large as life, and absolutely "*twice as natural!*" The effect was electrical, especially among the Thespians; for while a sort of tremour crept round the spectators, *they* fairly laughed aloud. The lecturer paused—confusion began to ensue, when a



tall figure, who had entered a few moments previously, arose in the midst, and, with a strong Yankee twang, addressed the assembly :

“ My good friends, I don't say nuthin' 'ginst your knowledge of picters ; but I'm in this line myself, and I rayther guess you've got on the wrong *horse* ! If this here is West's Great Paintin', mine *ain't*, that's all ! ”

Need the story go on ?—need it be told “ how ” this stranger was Mr. ——, the well-known Yankee *connoisseur*, proprietor, and exhibitor, of West's *originals* ?—How, during the confusion, the actors had rejoined their ingenious friend, the “ artist of the Theatre,” who, leaving the church-door to take care of itself, had secured passages for the party in the very coach which had brought the “ sure enough ” *Pale Horse* man to town ? Need it be told how the “ First tragedian ” and the “ Heavy man ” forgot their jealousies, as the “ London vocalist ” did his annoyances in a hearty laugh, while “ Overalls ” explained the details of his stratagem ?—How Elder Slack received, next morning, a grateful letter from one “ William Shakspeare,” thanking him for his exertions in behalf of a few distressed disciples, and wishing him health and heart to contemplate his *own likeness* ? Need it be told how, finally, the elder, at once killed as a critic, declined equally as a divine, each heated and unchristian expression suggesting the idea of *malice*, and the common sense of Skinville having received a very wonderful enlightenment from the study of “ *West's Great Painting* ? ”

## ESTABLISHING THE SCIENCE.

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THE persecutions of the Mesmerists will one day make a curious volume, for they will be written, of course. The disciples of Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, &c., have been exalted in their struggles and sufferings, and those of Mesmer even more brightly will shine in martyrology. Seriously, the trials to which travelling Mesmerists are put to, are, at times, humiliating and painful enough, albeit they afford infinite sport to the unbelievers. These travelling "Professors," or many of them, are charlatans, thus far, that they pretend to treat, *scientifically*, phenomena, the real nature of which they are entirely ignorant of; and the study of which they are, neither by education, habit, or *aim*, at all fitted for. They are charlatans, in that their superficial knowledge of mere *effects* is simply made available in the shape of *exhibition*; and the success of the *show* being their first object, they may be suspected, perhaps, in some cases, of a little *management*. At the same time, the vulgar idea of general collusion, which prevails among those who *will* not, themselves, experiment, would be ridiculous if it were not pitiable.

De Bonneville had been electrifying Detroit by his more than *galvanic* effects upon the muscles of scores of his *impressibles*, when an enormous sized Wolverine

“trying the thing” himself, found that he was quite equal to the professor, in setting folks to sleep and “makin’ on ’em cut up” afterwards, and, accordingly, in the *furor* of his discovery, off he went into the country to lecture and diffuse the new light which had been dispensed to him. His success was tremendous; town and village said there was “something in it,” until his reputation, as in other cases, begat him enemies. The Wolverine Mesmerizer, after astonishing a “Hall” full, one evening, at some very “promising town” or other, and which bade fair, shortly, to be quite “a place,” returned to the tavern, to be arrested in the bar-room by a score of “first citizens,” who had then and there congregated “jest to test the humbug,” any how!

“Good evening, Perfesser,” said one. “Won’t you take a little of the *fluid*?” said another; and this being an evident hit in the way of a *joke*, the “anti-humbugs” proceeded to more serious business.

“Perfesser,” said the principal speaker, a giant of a fellow,—before whose proportions, even the huge Magnetiser looked small. “Perfesser,” said he, biting off the end of a “plug,” and turning it over in his jaws very leisurely, “a few on us, here, hev jest concluded to hev you try an experiment, appintin’ ourselves a reg’lar constituted committee to report!”

The Professor begged to appoint a more proper place and hour, &c., or, according to the apprehensions of “the crowd,” evinced the expected desire to make “a clean back out.”

“Perfesser,” resumed the “big dog,” “ef we ondustand right, you call your Mesmer *ism* a ‘re-mee-jil agent,’ which means, I s’pose, that it cures things?”

The disciple of science referred to divers cases about town in which he had been successful, to say nothing of the "pulling teeth" operation which he had just concluded his lecture with.

"Yes," said the challenger, "you're death on teeth, we know, but ken Mesmerism come the re-mee-jil over rheumatiz?"

"Inflammatory or chronic?" demanded the Professor.

"Wa'll, stranger, we ain't much given to doctor's bottle names, but we reckon it's about the wust kind."

The Mesmerist was about to define the difference between inflammatory attacks and *local* affections, when he was interrupted by the inquisitor, who *rather allowed* that as far as the *location* of the disorder went, it had a pre-emption right to the hull crittur; and that, furthermore, it was jest expected of him that he should forthwith visit the case, and bid him take up his bed and walk, or he himself would be escorted out of town, astride of a rail, with the accompanying ceremonies. 'This was a dilemma, either horn of which promised a toss to his reputation, but the crowd were solemnly in earnest; already triumphing in his *detection*, they began to look wolfish at him and wise at each other, so that the Wolverine had nothing left for it but to demand, boldly, to "see the patient!" We had better give the rest of the story as it was related to a humorous friend of ours, by the disciple of Mesmer, himself.

"Up stars I went with 'em, mad as thunder, I tell you; first at being thought a humbug, and next, that my individooal share of the American eagle should be *compelled* into a measure, by thunder! I'd a-gin 'em

a fight, if it hadn't ben for the *science*, which would a suffered any how, so I jest said to myself, let 'em bring on their rheumatiz! I felt as if I could a mesmerized a horse, and I *determined whatever* the case might be, I'd make it squeal, by thunder!

“ ‘Here he is,’ said they, and in we all bundled into a room, gathering round a bed, with me shut in among 'em, and the cussed big onenlightened heathen that did the talking, drawing out an almighty bowie-knife at the same time. ‘That's your man!’ said he. Well, there lay a miserable-looking critter, with his eyes sot, and his mouth open,—and his jaws got wider and wider, as he saw the crowd and the bowie knife, I tell you! ‘That's the idea!’ said old big Ingin.

“ ‘Rise up in that bed!’ said I, and I tell you what, I must a looked at him dreadful, for up he jumped on eend, as if he'd jest got a streak of galvanic.

“ ‘Git out on this floor,’ said I, with a wuss look, and I wish I may be shot if out he didn't come, look-in' wild, I tell ye!

“ ‘*Now cut dirt, d—m you!*’ screamed I, and Jehu General Jackson!—if he didn't make a straight shirt-tail for the door, may I never make another pass. After him I went, and after me they cum, and *pre-*haps there wasn't the orfullest stampede down three pair of stars that ever occurred in Michigan! Down cut old rheumatiz, through the bar-room;—out I cut after him;—over went the stove in the rush after both on us. I chased him round two squars—in the snow at that—then headed him off, and chased him back to hotel agin, where he landed in a *fine sweat*, begged for his life, and said—*he'd give up the property!* Well, I



wish I may be shot if he wasn't a feller that they were offerin' a reward for in Buffalo! I made him dress himself—cured of his rheumatiz—run it right out of him; delivered him up, pocketed the reward, and *established the science*, by thunder!"

## OLE BULL IN THE "SOLITUDE."

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THE enthusiastic temperament of the violinist, Ole, may be easily inferred from the passionate character of his musical compositions and performances. We have only to add that his mind is no less characterized by simplicity and singleness of devotion. He is almost boyish in his enjoyments, while his expression of them is as impulsive as the breeze, and quite as refreshing.

If "Boz," his mental city still befogged with *Londonism*, could step from the daily swept *trottoir* of the tourist, and dare the mud of the "American Bottom," opposite St. Louis, to gaze through the "Looking-Glass Prairie" windows, it is not to be wondered at that Ole should be equally eager.

The afternoon succeeding his second concert in St. Louis, the imposing bust of the Norseman, clad in a particularly light and elegant summer frock, and mounted on a spirited-looking horse, was seen to dash off from the "Planters'," rattle itself down Market street, and jerk itself up, as suddenly, opposite Philips' music store. Bull speaks English very well, but still there is something of "the Dutch" about it, as the St. Louis *Nativists* would say.

“The *prharie*, Mistehr Phillips—vat vay vas I go to the *prharie*?”

Phillips opened his quaint eyes, and remarked, that Mr. Bull certainly did not think of riding twenty miles on horseback, within a few hours of sunset, to a spot devoid of habitation, or even shelter, with a thundering storm gathering in the west, more-over!

“Yes, I moast see the *prharie*, and just now. I have play two nights in the hot room, and I want air. I have got noting but gasp—all here,” touching his broad chest; “I must see the *prharie*.”

“Well, but,” said Phillips, “you’ll have to stay out all night!”

“Vell, I shall *see* the *prharie* in the night.”

“There’s a devil of a storm coming up!”

“I shall see the *prharie* in the storm.”

“But, d—m it, you’ve got a thin coat on!”

“I can see the *prharie* vitout any coat.”

In short, it was spiritually an *obligato* movement on the part of the musician—*prestissimo* “at that.” He *could* not wait for a party that might be arranged next day; he *would* not persuade his usual *compagnon du voyage* to stay out all night; and he *should* not compel his servant; the fit was on him, and the “solitude of the prairie” he was determined to enjoy “solitary and alone.” He procured a vast amount of unintelligible information, which he said “yes” to, paragraphically, galloped down to the ferry-boat, rode twice round the engine apartment in the centre, by way of getting over soon, and was only stopped by the sudden halt of his steed, as his eye caught a sight of

the piston-rod. Day waned; night fell; the storm held its revel till near morning; the sun arose beautifully; 10 o'clock A. M. saw the streets dry; and about meridian, the anxious friends of the musician were made happy by his re-appearance,—drenched, dried, and bedraggled, but his eye filled with light, and his heart with music, as usual. He shall tell his adventure himself:

“Yes, he vas fine fellow, dat horse, he give three kick ven he leave the-fehrry, and I feel just like him, I give three kick too! No, I did not know any road, but everybody tell me go right on, and I go. Vehry tick mud! to be sure, but I don’t mind mud on the prharie. I ride on, and after good while I come to ever so many roads, and I vas bother, but I tink to myself, my horse has fine instink, and let him go; and vat I find but he tink just like me—he take the tickest mud too, and I go on again; and when it got pretty near dark I come out on the prharie—all wide—beautiful—fine grass—flower—so many bird—all sing—sing—sing—I feel light—as if I could jump up and stay dere, and my horse, he feel just like me again; he jump up, too, and den he sniff the grass, and kick up vid his behind, and go ‘*ne-he-he-he-e-e!*’ Vell, I laugh at him vherry mootch, and get down to let him eat dat fine grass, while I listen to all de sounds, and look at de birds. O, dere vas one beautiful little kind—all black, vid red head, yellow vings—and I vas surprise to hear so many different song. Vell, I walk away, and vat you tink?—if dat horse—fine instink—he run right after me, and rub me all over;—just as if he like me for

The first of these was the... the second... the third... the fourth... the fifth... the sixth... the seventh... the eighth... the ninth... the tenth... the eleventh... the twelfth... the thirteenth... the fourteenth... the fifteenth... the sixteenth... the seventeenth... the eighteenth... the nineteenth... the twentieth... the twenty-first... the twenty-second... the twenty-third... the twenty-fourth... the twenty-fifth... the twenty-sixth... the twenty-seventh... the twenty-eighth... the twenty-ninth... the thirtieth... the thirty-first... the thirty-second... the thirty-third... the thirty-fourth... the thirty-fifth... the thirty-sixth... the thirty-seventh... the thirty-eighth... the thirty-ninth... the fortieth... the forty-first... the forty-second... the forty-third... the forty-fourth... the forty-fifth... the forty-sixth... the forty-seventh... the forty-eighth... the forty-ninth... the fiftieth... the fifty-first... the fifty-second... the fifty-third... the fifty-fourth... the fifty-fifth... the fifty-sixth... the fifty-seventh... the fifty-eighth... the fifty-ninth... the sixtieth... the sixty-first... the sixty-second... the sixty-third... the sixty-fourth... the sixty-fifth... the sixty-sixth... the sixty-seventh... the sixty-eighth... the sixty-ninth... the seventieth... the seventy-first... the seventy-second... the seventy-third... the seventy-fourth... the seventy-fifth... the seventy-sixth... the seventy-seventh... the seventy-eighth... the seventy-ninth... the eightieth... the eighty-first... the eighty-second... the eighty-third... the eighty-fourth... the eighty-fifth... the eighty-sixth... the eighty-seventh... the eighty-eighth... the eighty-ninth... the ninetieth... the ninety-first... the ninety-second... the ninety-third... the ninety-fourth... the ninety-fifth... the ninety-sixth... the ninety-seventh... the ninety-eighth... the ninety-ninth... the hundredth...





OLE BULL.

give him de grass! and he look me right in de face, and den he go ‘*he-he-he-e-e-e,*’ again! Vell, he ’muse me verry mootch, and I forget dat it get dark till I feel de rain, and den I say to my horse, ‘now ve go home,’ and I ride back—back—back—but it get quite dark, and we have to valk to keep in de mud. Vell, I keep in de mud, for I say, while I keep in de mud *ve’re all right!* but after long time I no feel no more mud, and I vas fear I vas lost. Oh, yes, I vas verry vet. It rain all de time, but de clouds vas so beautiful, vid de lightning! and the thunder roll so grand—and my horse—fine instink—he stop to look, just like me! Oh, yes, I vas come to little house, at last, verry nice people vid noting to eat, but vat I care, my horse have belly full of fine grass, and lick my face ven I put him in de shed; and I go to bed up funny ladder dat ’muse me verry mootch, too, only I vake up all stiff in de night, for my chamber have verry good vindow, but no glass in him, so I valk about till daylight, ven I have joy to see de sun rise, and my droll horse go ‘*he-he-he-e-e-e!*’ for good morning!

“Oh, yes, I know de prharie look better in fine veather, but I say to myself, if ’tis beautiful in April, it must be bright in May, and glorious all the time! If the mud vas tick the grass was the richer; if de storm not come to make me vet, I vas not see the lightning! and if I not get stiff in the hut, I vas lie awake discontent in the hotel;—It vas beautiful trip! It make me laugh ven I tink; and that rascal horse, ask him, and he say, ‘*he-he-he-e-e-e,*’ too!”

We have not been “dressing up” this story; it is

the musician's own : we only wish that we could present his mixture of simplicity and earnestness while telling it. "Boz" may find "sermons in stones," but it is very clear that they must be *London* stones ; —it takes an Ole not a *Johnny* Bull to find music in the mud of the "American Bottom !"

## HOW OUR FRIEND B—'S HAIR WENT.

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“Hyperion's curls! the front of Jove, himself!”

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OH, those curls! not your fuzzy, crispy, questionable tortuosities, indicative of either a mixed breed, or a quarrelsome temper, but a raven crop of *flossed midnight*, (John Neal talks of *flossed sunshine*,) smothering in its own luxuriance; a sea of curling darkness, rolling and tossing in its silent play! and these curls adorned the imperial brows of our friend B——. We say *adorned*, for, alas! they are no longer adorning! They have fled like a dream, vanished like a cloud, and B—— is as bald as Cæsar!

We say it—B—— is as bald as Cæsar! but if Cæsar bared his baldness half as majestically, he was a much better looking heathen than we take him to have been. Why, B——'s polished outline is the most regal thing we know of!—an intellectual porch, over which *looms*, as it were, the mental dome! benevolence, veneration, firmness, self-esteem—full, “*chock-full*,” and beautifully balanced! And then the shiny whiteness of the surface, as if the moral glory beaming within, absolutely shone through! In short, a head of Washington, *lit up* for a 4th of July night, is “no circumstance” to the benign front of our friend B——.

The next inquiry is, how did our friend B—— lose

his hair? Thus! Could a man with such a head be other than a Whig? Certainly not! And, the most thorough-going Whig of his flourishing city, he left the banks of one of the great lakes, as a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, last May. *May 1844!*—that glorious—but everybody has read the papers.

There were a great many heads in Baltimore—wise heads, and long heads, and fine heads, and swelled heads, but there was no head to compare with the *head* of the Michigan delegation! he, or *it*, were *ahead* of every thing. Joy! hope! triumph! Whig rule! And, with every increasing round of rapture, B—'s head became more resplendent, till, at length, came the grand procession. B— must tell the rest himself.

“Procession! sixteen leagues long, by thunder! Myriads of freemen—throng of beauty! *Whar* was Michigan on that great day? In the midst of the triumph, and I at its head, hoss! Balconies bending; muslin and cambric fluttering! Hurrah for Clay! Up comes one of my aids;—‘B—, for God’s sake, don’t give the word to cheer any more—boys all hoarse, now.’ Hoarse! here, hold my hat—go it alone, by thunder, for old Michigan. *Whoo-rah—for—Clay, and the Ladies!* Whew! *didn’t* the cambric flutter then?—couldn’t stand it! Just run my right hand, then my left, through my *har*, lock after lock, out they came, gave’em to the winds—saw’em mount towards the balconies, beauty striving for’em! then, wasn’t Michigan a star! Women screamed and men hollowed—gals snatched, and handkerchiefs fluttered, and on I went, right and left—left and right—feather bed in the air a fool to it! front locks and side curls, side curls and front locks, quicker and *thicker*, and the whole d—d universe full of nothing



but me and Michigan, until every har was gone, and all I could do was to blow kisses untill all creation seemed just gathered together to hug me! Well, by this time, my voice had followed my *har*, when up we came to a perfect conflagration of beauty! four story double house covered all over with it, and one splendid creature cried out, ‘*Three cheers for Michigan!*’ Whew, thunder! hadn’t a lock on my head, or a note in my voice! Up came same d—d Aid, and, says he, ‘Why don’t you give the word to cheer?’—Couldn’t do it—snatched my hat from him, held it up to both sides of the street—*Take my hat!*—they understood me—nine cheers—nine more from Michigan—

“Stop! look here, by thunder, what’ll you take?—so dry I can’t remember the rest of that immortal day,—but that’s the way I lost my *har!* A *leetle* bitters in it, if you please—thankee.

“Well, I’d now got to hum to my wife, and what on airth was I to do for my *har!* Friend suggested a *wig*, but ‘no,’ says I, ‘I’ll go the naked truth, by thunder! Old woman’s Clay all over, and the chief difficulty will be to make her believe it’s *me*, that’s all!’ Well, hum I got, and my friend stuck close all the way, so as to be able to swear to the individual; and first thing I did was to appear before a magistrate, and *cursed* if he knew me! So my friend just swore to me, reg’lar, and up I went hum with the papers. Well, in I went, with my *hat off*, so as to give her the full front of it at once; and, first, she kind a come forward, and then she kind a went back; and then her eyes began opening, and then her mouth followed, and at last she bursted out!—

“ ‘Why B——, ’taint *you!* ’ Well, I came mighty

nigh a burstin' out laughing, myself, but I kept mum, hauled out the *affidavit*, and she read it; and what between surprise and affliction, hanged if the tears didn't come in her eyes, and then the joke was over. 'If you don't b'lieve that, wife, here's *my* affidavit to back it;' I just took her in my arms and *kissed the book*, I tell you!

"Fellows, there's nothing like a *touch of nature*. If she stopped a going on forgiving me till next morning, I wish I may be shot!"

## A FANCY BARKEEPER.

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OUR friend, Breeze, is the roundest, loudest, hardest, happiest host among the host of hosts with whom we are acquainted! He keeps the "largest kind" of a house, the loudest sort of a gong, and the longest spread of a table! Moreover, his servants are always "here," he, himself, is always *there*, and the guest who can't be happy under such circumstances had better be *nowhere*!

Breeze, of course, keeps a bar, and before he undertook the business at all, having, naturally, consulted *everybody* with regard to his prospects, and *everybody* having told him that they, a "good deal, depended upon circumstances!" and Breeze understanding that those circumstances included, particularly, a "good bar" and a "polite barkeeper," after laying in his "liquors," set about making inquiries for an efficient toddy dispenser.

A good-looking man he must be, of course; a man, moreover, with somewhat of taste in dress as well as *address*; a man of pleasant manners, but, most distinctly, of sufficient discretion; for even pleasantry may, occasionally, be "run into the ground." A trilling eccentricity would be no decided objection, nay it might, perhaps, be a recommendation—the other necessary conditions holding good, for a man may be none

the less “gentlemanly” for being “a character,” and being thus popularly estimated and received, is, certainly, no detriment to a barkeeper in his vocation. The requisites, then, simply stood as follows: A good-looking man, a well-dressed man, an agreeable man, a discreet man, an eccentric man—under certain restraints, in short, a *fancy* man—a “Fancy Barkeeper!”

It is hardly necessary to say, that failures and disappointments were encountered by our friend Breeze in his search, and that only by strangely concatenated circumstances, was this highly concentrated individual at length discovered! He *was* discovered though, and Breeze was a happy and prosperous man, in his own and everybody else’s estimation!—the bar was popular, the mixtures unexceptionable, and “Twirl” (we’ll call him Twirl) exhibited a rare combination of the “fancy” elements! In the matter of eccentricity he was perfect to a charm; he never overdid the business, and the *manner* of it was the most *unique* thing in the world! He was remarkably quick and *dapper*; his inquiries were always abbreviated—for instance, a gin cocktail was “gin-cock?” plain brandy was “brandy p?” and then there was “brandy wat-?” “brandy sug-?” &c., &c.; but the most delightful of all was the *flourish* which accompanied each action! He was clearly of a poetic instead of a mathematic *turn*, for angles or straight lines he neither thought nor moved in; circles were his existence, from which he never departed, farther than an occasional *ellipse*; the man was a *sphere*—each act had its axis; he was a tireless illustration of the laws centrifugal, and *centripetal* as well, for however he might fly off, there was a sure and graceful return to the centre; such a thing as a *tangent* was

impossible, and his *system*, though called eccentric, was considered as sure as the solar one! He never put a tumbler *straight down*, it *alighted* from his hand, after a series of gyrations, with a graceful curve. He never handed a "gin-cock" *straight out*, it invariably "cut an 8" before it was submitted; and then the way in which half dollars were *spun* into the drawer, and the "hey, presto" flourish, with which the "change" was returned, was a matter of the most pleasing enjoyment to all! It was no uncommon thing to see half a dozen heavy-bottomed tumblers making the most lively demonstrations on the counter, all at the same moment, —waltzing, *dos-a-dos*-ing, turning partners, every thing but indulging in a direct "*chassez forward*;" this never happened under the most hurried circumstances!

Nor was this "poetry of motion" confined to the empty ones only; "brandy p's" and gin-tods frequently went through the same evolutions, without "spilling a drop," and even corpulent decanters and waistless champaign glasses, occasionally joined the "mazy round." Breeze was a happy man; he even appeared to have caught something of the circling infection, for instead of walking, he seemed to *undulate*! instead of going *straight* up-stairs, we have seen him often ascending in a sort of *wavy* line, as if fresh from the contemplation of Hogarth's "line of beauty!" As to an equilateral triangle or *zig-zag*, he was no longer capable of such a vulgarity!

While this harmonious arrangement succeeded thus admirably in the bar, things were rather *round-about*, also, in the dining-room, but, unfortunately, not with the same result—for in this case, somehow, they wouldn't "work straight," and Breeze thought it would

be all right if he could induce Mr. Twirl, on an increased salary, to take the management of the "table fixens," and *circle* them into something like system. Mr. Twirl consented, but Mr. Twirl was, after all, but mortal, and such had been the success of his twirling, that it *turned his head*, and no wonder; however, he undertook the dining-room *bodies*, and Breeze, in his ecstasy, invited a few of his particular friends to witness the triumph of his motions, confident that a *planetarium* would be a "fool to them."

The gong *b-r-r-ang-ang-wang-w-r-ranged!* the doors *flew* open with a slap-dash! the crowd rushed in, scuffle — shuffle! hats — chairs — napkins — knives — "good as you are" — Hail Columbia! Breeze stuck to his accustomed plan of presiding at the head of his own table.

Twirl was in command, every man was at his post, and now then for "something like regularity!" The signal flourish was given, and as many arms made a circling sweep upon as many covers, which instantly made a circling ascension into the air, where they were flutteringly arrested. The signal to turn was then given; but, instead of *all* wheeling to the right, every *other* man, somehow, wheeled to the left, and a delicious *crash* of tin—cymbal-like in tone, or rather *more so*—over the heads of the startled guests, was the consequence! This was awkward; but the *bodies* were awkward, and as Mr. Twirl might almost be regarded as occupying the position of a worker in *chaos*, the collision was to be excused. *Round* came the soup, about fluttered the plates, pitchers were handled with that playful motion peculiar to the use of the watering-



pot; there was a considerable spilling of gravy, and a liberal sprinkling of *pants*, while the somewhat unusually elated Mr. Twirl, over an immense sirloin of "roast," went through the broadsword exercise in the most formidable manner! The affair waxed hotter!—circle, sweep, splash, sprinkle—while, occasionally, encroaching upon each other's orbits, the *bodies* would jostle, to the inevitable destruction of "wares," if not to their own entire precipitation from the system! The dinner-table, however, in America, as we are now and then reminded by tourists, is more the scene of action than of observation; and though Mr. Breeze was much distracted in his appetite, he had still strong faith in science.

The first rush was over, and wine began to circulate, when Mr. Twirl, more strangely elated than ever, absolutely *spun* himself into the midst of his favorite accomplishment. Such a ringing and rolling of bottles and glasses over the bare mahogany had never been dreamt of! but, contrary to use, there was a smash here, and a crash there, and Mr. "So-and-so's compliments" were hardly ever delivered without a delivery of wine, at the same time, at least equal to three times the capacity of the glass; and, finally, a decanter of port, spinning directly into Mr. Breeze's own lap, at the same instant that Mr. Twirl evinced an evident desire to throw a somerset over the table, led the amazed landlord to examine more particularly the state of his *regulator!* and, must we say it! will yon central orb forgive it? will its dependent family of worlds believe it? Mr. Twirl was *wound up*, used up, done up, in short he was very drunk!

With an oppressed spirit, Mr. Breeze directed his

“patent revolving” prodigy to “go *straight* to bed” as if in *any* disarrangement of his motions such a thing were possible! He was finally “come *round*,” however, and placed there, but whether he has ever arisen therefrom, we are not prepared to say, as that was the last seen or known of the “Fancy Barkeeper.”

## “MR. NOBBLE!”

BY JOS. M. FIELD, ESQ., OF THE ST. LOUIS “REVEILLE.”

If the capital sketch subjoined was not written by the facetious “Straws,” *alias* “Everpoint,” of the “Picayune” and “Reveille,” then, like Billy Black, we “gives it up!” The “Reveille” is one of the best daily papers west of the Alleghanies, yet its editor has found leisure to write some most amusing stories, a prize comedy or two, and play several profitable engagements at the theatres of the southwest within the last year! We hear it is his intention to give the world a collection of his miscellaneous prize writings soon, through the medium of the publishers of this work; it should and will, doubtlessly, command an immense sale.

### “MISTER NOBBLE!”

Mr. Nobble was venturing very carefully along an uncertain staging, which afforded an equally uncertain passage from a ship alongside the wharf, to a vessel bound from a port “’way Down East” to a port “’way off South;” and Mr. Nobble, at the moment when the shrill and imperative summons reached his ear, was mentally and physically contriving how he should prevent one child’s tub, one ditto clothes’ horse, one night lamp, two flat irons, a dozen of oranges, two pounds of sago, a box of Guava jelly, one bottle of “choice old port,” (*not to be shaken,*) and *himself*—the arrears of the family requisitions for the voyage—from tumbling overboard!

"*Mister Nobble!*"

The provident and peculiarly placed gentleman alluded to, was at this moment in the "worst place;" and one of the planks "wagging" awfully, and his own knees, moreover, assisting the "disturbing causes," some two hundred most deeply interested spectators, with great concern, saw Mr. Nobble's oranges, like a flock of sheep, bound one after the other into the water, attempting to arrest which, Mr. Nobble unfortunately released the tub from his arm, which stooping to catch, Mr. Nobble unfortunately entangled his legs in the "horse," at the same time losing his hat and dropping the flat irons on his toes;—crowning this succession of disasters by falling flat on his face, crushing the jelly and smashing the port—certain sailors, in their anxiety to pick up the owner, busily kicking his remaining scatterings overboard, to be subsequently secured to their own profit.

"*Mr. Nobble!*"

An extremely novel and striking *tableau* was presented on the poop of the outside vessel, having scratched both his knees through his pantaloons in his desperate haste to rise and rescue his "stores," had finally precipitated himself over the rail upon the deck, where he now stood before a very pale and anxious, though stout-looking elderly lady, tightly grasping in his hand the neck of the port bottle. Going into details, it should be stated, that the lady supported on her knee a sodden-looking infant, which was painting its face with a stick of molasses candy, while a very wide-mouthed urchin, who had just "put his eye out," as his mother insisted, against a "belaying pin," was ingratiating himself in

the favour of the assembled passengers by yelling out all sorts of unusual murders at her side. An Irish nurse, who contented herself with standing by and saying, grumly, “O, it’s kilt ye are, af course!” completed the picture.

“Mr. Nobble, it’s all nonsense! I *can’t* go in the ship and I *won’t*—you’re welcome to save my life but *shan’t* do it on salt water! Run ashore again for a doctor—his eye’s out I know it is, and after all there’s no hive syrup neither. O, my gracious, if they aint loosening the sails!—and your friends to go and put a sea voyage in your head when he’s always a climbing and playing with water and no place to do the baby’s washing with a wasting disease too that’s robbing the child and starving it daily as you can see by its cheeks ‘Mr. Nobble!’”

Mr. Nobble was a placid man, of extremely *family* demeanor, and he listened to this perfectly clear, though rapid statement of circumstances, with the air, though by no means the *indifference*, of a man who was used to it. Mrs. N. was an invalid, nervous—opposed to the voyage, and, albeit he himself “suffered dreadfully,” he was constitutionally a “family man,” and expected annoyances. Forgetting his mishap, he was about to soothe his partner, when the younger Nobble stopped his bawling to kick the nurse on the shins, which operation he followed by pitching his head into her stomach and fixing his teeth into her leg.

“*Mr. Nobble!*”

A score of sailors running aft with a hawser scattered the Nobbles, and as the vessel swung round, her bows into the stream, the numerous passengers congratulated themselves upon a comfortable prospect with that interesting family.

"Mr. Nobble!" (*very faintly.*)

The present summons came from the after-state-room of the gentlemen's cabin, for Mr. Nobble had been too late to secure berths in the ladies' division—much to the regret of the feminine gender on board. The night lamp swung with great regularity from the centre of the battened down "sky-light," as the ship rolled heavily; there was a dismal creaking and grinding of her timbers as if she felt *rheumatic*, and was endeavouring to say so; while ever and anon came a hoarse voice above, followed by a tramping of feet and a sudden fall of coils of rope upon the thin poop deck, making one jump again!

"Mr. Nobble!" (*very sharply.*)

To admit light, a child's chair had been interposed between the door and Mrs. N.'s state-room, which chair was now undergoing a battering attack, from and on account of the said door, with each roll of the ship; a feminine undergarment, which had been ingeniously secured between handle and latch as a screen from masculine curiosity, was waving triumphantly with every "slam;" a fat figure in shirt and pantaloons, stretched on the dining-table, with his feet braced against the main-mast, snored with an abrupt snort as the heavier rolls recalled him occasionally to a sort of consciousness, and, finally, with the third "Mr. Nobble," which sounded for all the world like the clip of a pair of scissors, a very yellow face, topped by a red handkerchief, was raised above the table, and Mr. N., in a dressing gown, advanced anxiously but carefully to his partner.

"Julia?" moaned inquiringly Mr. Nobble.

"Oh, there you are, at last, Mr. Nobble, with my



dying words ringing in your ears for the last hour—all the water spilt, and no more in the wide ocean I suppose, to keep one from choking—and won't stay on one's stomach neither—without strength for a change of clothes and two children!—Don't tell me to be patient, with a wasting disease, and the door slamming,—there by yourself, in a cool public cabin, a-*snoring*!—Yes it *was* you, Mr. Nobble—I know your snore if I know any thing about you—and Johnny calling to you, too, ever so long, to keep the girl from rolling out of the upper berth over him in the next room out in the Gulf Stream as you call it, and no faith in a southern climate—with a constant croup and no squills if it was taken this minute!—Mr. *Nobble*, are you *snoring again*, while I'm talking to you?—Yes, you *are*, I say! Eh? the fat gentleman on the table! I *knew* so,—and exposed to every eye with my knees to my chin to keep steady—there goes the child!—Gracious goodness, it'll choke, and the stewardess asleep, too, without an emetic among the passengers!—convulsions!—Yes, it is!—convulsions!—don't tell me,—and it may die for warm water, for all you're good for—stewardess? Don't you hear me call 'stewardess?' Mr. Nobble! And not a female to feel for me with even a hot towel. Mr. *Nobble*? Oh yes, he's gone to light a fire and be washed overboard, I suppose—*Hus-s-s-s-h-h* my darling—nobody come yet! good heavens—it's dying! Mr. *fat passenger*? Mr. *gentleman asleep*? Oh, that door again!—Mr. Nobble?—And not a short gown to cover myself—I must get out—*Hus-s-s-s-h-h*, then my darling,—*Mister Nobble*?—”

By this time the captain and divers passengers had

"turned out"—the fat gentleman sat up rubbing the back of his neck—an elderly lady appeared with the stewardess from the after-cabin, and finally Mr. Nobble himself staggered in from the deck, bearing a tub of hot water. The baby, at the same time, was brought out into the light, to ease their minds, by relieving it's stomach of a square inch of *cold potato*, which, in spite of Mr. Nobble's protestations, Mrs. N. *knew* that he must have given it at dinner, as he was never satisfied unless he was stuffing it, and, moreover, knew no more about children than a child unborn did about first trousers!

"Mister Nobble!"

The vessel, "going out light," yet almost scraping the bottom of the "middle channel," was gliding over the fairy waters of the "great Bahama," its "three fathoms" revealing, as through a tinted haze, marine plant, shining spar, and, ever and anon, the strangely shaped and shadowy haunters of the coral reefs. Sea and sky mingled their transparent fluids, till the tinted sails—filled, not forced, by the gentle breeze—seemed like so many summer clouds wafting while shading the happy watchers of their progress. An awning partially screened the "poop," in the shadow of which various groups beguiled the time. Cards, books, anecdote;—three or four smokers in straw hats, with sun-burned faces, sat in the yawl slung on the lee quarter; the fat passenger snored on the skylight; a lean ditto hastened his consumption by playing on a flute to the after-rail; Master Johnny had his legs through the ratlins, and the Irish nurse, her first day on deck, was *endeavouring* to draw the baby up and down in a claret-box.

The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including  
 John Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Directors, and  
 James Brown, Esq., Treasurer. The list continues with several other  
 members of the board, including Mr. Green, Mr. White, and Mr. Black.  
 The second part of the document is a report on the financial  
 operations of the company for the year ending on the 31st of  
 December, 1840. It details the income from various sources, such as  
 interest on loans and dividends from other companies, and also  
 lists the expenses incurred during the year. The report concludes  
 with a statement of the company's assets and liabilities, showing a  
 healthy financial position at the end of the year.



Mr. Nobble, you're not going to leave me?"

“Mr. Nobble!”

Several heads appeared struggling up the steps from the lower deck, and presently, Mrs. Nobble securely braced in an arm-chair and supported by the captain, mate, and Mr. N., was placed comfortably against the mizen. The appearance of real, heartfelt satisfaction with which the anxious and evidently stomach-rinsed husband superintended this operation, contrasted rather strangely with the yet bilious aspect of the wife.

“Mr. Nobble! you’re not agoing to leave me? Oh, take me down again! didn’t you say there was no motion—there! don’t I see the water when you told me we were *on the bank!* not a bit of land to be seen and two horrid weeks with constant suffering and weak gruel. Mercy on me, where are we! in a *pea-green climate* as I’m a sick woman and there’s the girl a staggering while you stand here and care no more for the child than if it was your grand-uncle—there! I felt the chair go,—no danger, indeed, as if I was a spider like the sailors—gracious goodness, look at that boy—you Johnny—Mr. Nobble! if his legs aint through—and all his knees out, his new pair, too, to go ashore in and nobody to offer to save him from being drowned with a swimming in his head—I knew it! right on his head in the lady’s lap and both their brains knocked out or it’s a mercy. Much your father cares, my child—it’s all Mr. Nobble’s fault, Ma’m, with your constant climbing, and a wasting disease, Ma’m, that keeps me from looking after them and you know what a family is—*what’s that!* Mr. Nobble! only a squall indeed, don’t they say it’ll *strike* us—Captain! *can’t we go the otner way!* no I won’t go down, nor the children neither to be swal-

lowed alive and there's that gentleman asleep and snoring and—*I knew it!*——”

Mrs. Nobble had made a poor use of her foreknowledge, for at this instant she was enveloped in the awning; the sails were let go—“all flying;” a moment's whirlwind was succeeded by a drenching shower, and Mr. Nobble explicitly charged with his wife's death, (that afflicted lady once more restored to her state-room,) watched her patiently till she slept, and meekly pictured to himself the probable delights of a winter in New Orleans.



## “HONEY RUN.”

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“Mr. Douglass, you’ve a mighty small chance of legs, there, any how !”  
*Judge Douglass’s Story.*

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THE “gentleman from Illinois” is not the only gentleman whose *legs* have led him into embarrassment ! A political friend of ours, equally happy in his manners, if not in his party, among the Missouri constituency, found himself, while canvassing the state one summer for Congress, in even a *more* peculiarly perplexing predicament than the Illinois judge.

There is a spot, in the south-western part of this state, known as the *Fiery Fork of Honey Run*—a delicious locality, no doubt, as the *run* of “honey” is, of course, accompanied by a corresponding flow of “milk,” and a mixture of milk and honey, or, at any rate, honey and “Peach” is the evidence of sublunary contentment, every place where they have preaching !

“Honey Run” is further christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion, comprising *one apartment*—neither more nor less—is renowned for being never shut against the traveler, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air, at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder—its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly show-

ing that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their one apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and "niggers," and as many lodgers as may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners. On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of the *Firey Forkers*—the old lady having pointed out his bed—felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity to "turn in," though the mosquitoes were trumping all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to *bar* them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose, restlessly, and sought the door-step; the "niggers" stuck their feet in the yet warm ashes; the old man stripped, unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed-looking pillow, and the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, "gals," and "stranger," to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally, in downright recklessness, seating himself upon "the downy," and pulling off his coat. Well, he *pulled* off his coat, and he folded his coat, and then he yawned, and then he whistled, and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact, that it would *never* do to sleep in his muddy trowsers; and then he "undid" his vest, and then he whistled again, and then, suddenly, an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash upon the old woman, and she cried—

"Gals, jest turn your backs round 'till the *stranger* gits into bed."

The backs were turned, and the stranger *did* get into

bed in "less than no time," when the hostess again spoke :

"Reckon, stranger, as you aint used to us, you'd better *kiver up* till the *gals* undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and, though he did "kiver up," as desired, some how or other the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding his blushes, and favoring his sly glances. The nymphs were soon stowed away, for there were neither bustles to unhitch nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma, evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerably relieved him.

"You can *unkiver* now, stranger; I'm *married folks*, and you ain't afeard o' *me*, I reckon!"

The stranger happened to be "married folks" himself; he *unkivered* and turned his back with true conubial indifference, as far as the ancient lady was concerned; but, with regard to the "*gals*," he declares that his half-raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of *mermaids* that ever he experienced.

## A "HUNG" JURY.

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AMONG the dispensers of justice in a certain central ward of *old* St. Louis, during its unpretending, "even-handed" days, was 'Squire W——. His astute comprehension of, and rigid adherence *to*, legal proprieties are yet recollected. A case was submitted to him, "once on a time;" but, his decision not satisfying *one* of the parties, (very likely to occur, by-the-by, even in primitive ages,) the case was "continued;" which further step, according to the rule in justices' courts, now as then, involves the ceremony and expense of a jury.

The second trial came on, unfortunately, upon a morning which, for some good cause or other, the whole town had devoted to jubilee and rejoicing—whether it was that a great man was to be "received," or another great man dismissed, it is immaterial; suffice it that guns and drums equally did their duty in calling the citizens away from theirs.

Plaintiff and defendant were punctual in their attendance before the justice, anxious to settle their difference—just as anxious to have their share of the show—and the officer was despatched to collect a jury; but, after a no less anxious search, he was obliged to return

without a man, his summons going for nothing in the general excitement.

Impatient at the delay, the parties litigant agreed to wave the matter of a jury altogether ; to just re-argue the matter and abide by " His Honor's " decision. But His Honor had his own more reverend *parade* of the law to enjoy, and, therefore, with a *chief justice* air, he declared that, inasmuch as that the case had been continued, and that the purpose of said continuance was entirely to obtain the sense of a *jury*, it would be all nonsense to proceed in any less regular way. " Therefore, Mr. Constable," continued the 'Squire, " you will, by virtue of your authority, summon and compel the presence of a jury forthwith."

The constable again set forth, the " bench " relapsed into abstruse cogitation, and the plaintiff and defendant were fain to content themselves with the hope of getting clear " after a while."

Wearily went the moments ; but, at length, the indefatigable officer, bathed in perspiration, returned, having secured *one* well-known, easy-going citizen, remarkable as being the largest, lovingest, and *laziest* man about town.

" 'Squire," said the panting official, " I've gotten Bob, 'cause he says it don't make much difference to him ; but there isn't *nary* nother as don't say they'll see me d——d first, and so the thing's out, as far as my footin' on it goes, I reckon!" The constable wiped his brow with determination, the justice *began* to foresee a dilemma, and nothing but the " costs " prevented " the parties," in spite of their attorneys, from flipping up " head or tail " for an issue.

At length the constable made a suggestion, which

the "parties" eagerly consenting to, the 'Squire finally sanctioned. This was, that Bob, the lazy gentleman just mentioned, should serve as jury "all alone by himself!"

All was settled at once; the lazy gentleman declared that it "made no difference," and, getting "a chew" from the constable, down he sat. The pleadings were despatched; the *jury* was charged; the approaching procession was heard in the distance, and all parties were only waiting to hear the verdict, when the *jury*, after one or two indolent hitches in his chair, and a leisurely discharge of tobacco juice from between his teeth, turned to the court and said—

"Well, I reckon, 'Squire, the jury'll have to *retire*."

This was unexpected, and had not been altogether the *mode*, either, in Justice W——'s court, inasmuch as there was no place for the jury to retire *to*, except *within themselves*; but the present body was *unanimously* of opinion that he ought to have a fair shake at the merits of the case, and so the *court* adjourned to the sidewalk, leaving the jury all to himself, with his heels on the table.

Moment after moment passed away; the litigants every now and then cast a glance in at the conscientious umpire; the procession was evidently approaching along the next street, and, suddenly, the "opposite counsel" excusing themselves, walked off towards the corner. Drums, hurrahs, &c., now began to swell upon the air, and plaintiff and defendant, after sundry inquiries as to the chances, even marched off also, leaving the 'squire and constable to receive the verdict. The constable next became impatient, and, finally, the



'squire himself got the fidgets; each moment seemed an age, until the dubious *twelfth* was just asked if he was "going to take the whole day or not?"

"Well, the fact is, 'Squire, the jury *can't* agree, no how. We're just *hung*, and no mistake; and, if you can't let us *stay out*, why you'd better *discharge us*, by thunder!"

The *jury* was discharged!

## PATERNAL GUSHINGS.

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SOME one went into "fits and dem'd raptures," as Mantalini would have it, last month, in the Knickerbocker, about a baby, a boy-baby, a fifteen-pound-boy-baby being born to him! Does he know that he is a greenhorn? Does he know that he yet knows nothing? A "fifteen pound" is a "whopper" to be sure—a "fine child," and it may have its "father's nose" and all that; but, we repeat it, he knows nothing, he has never had *twins!* twins—ye gods! a pair of 'em! naked, little, rosy, bawling busters! *in vestis cubicularis!* If he had, he might talk. If he'd ever had, afterwards, twelve women hauling him about, and telling him he was the luckiest man in the world—passing the swaddled ones from hand to hand, with kisses ringing like pistol shots;—the *hee-e-e wei-e-e* of the cherubs—mamma "doing well," lying in lavender with a frilled cap on, smiling like a soul in bliss, and insisting on having 'em both back, for she "knows they want her"—If he'd ever had big *he* fists slapped on his shoulders, wicked fingers punched into his ribs, his health drank with "hurrah's," while merry voices have declared that he ought to be "ashamed of himself;"—going home, then his heart dancing, his head singing, feathers to his heels, making but two steps from curb-stone to curb-

stone, his latch-key ready six squares off, and, once inside, springing up stairs, boots in his hand, a story at a time;—we say, if going home so, and opening the chamber door, as fain to glide in through the key-hole he had ever been stopped by the nurse's "hush," and, directed by her finger to the bed, had contemplated—what? ye gods! Heaven, peace, contentment, love, ecstasy—too big for speech, too full not to run over; tears! yes, grateful, heart-swelling, hope-crowning, joyous tears! Fast asleep, *all!* think of saying "*all!*" calm, lovely sleep; a rose and two buds; bosoms heaving, a harmony of sighs, Æolian whispers stirring with melody every heaven-strung chord in the bosom of the happiest dog alive! Had he ever, too excited to go to his lone bed in the next room, laid down in his trowsers, gazed towards the shading curtains, listened to the little nestlings, the fussy kickings—the—the—? We again and again say it, he's a green-horn, a young 'un—he knows nothing.—Furthermore, there is an ecstasy to come he has'nt dreamt of; a fifteen-pound-boy-baby is well enough, it's "wheels and its pulleys, its pumps and its valves, its engines and reservoirs, its beautiful machinery," &c., all well enough, but wait 'till it speaks! wait 'till it says "cow!" that's the phrensy! Wait, until convinced by its blessed mother's incessant instructions, at the window, that a cow, a "*moo-ly* cow," is the most interesting object in nature, it dances in its daddy's arms, points with its little finger to a pig in the gutter, and says "cow-w!" a whole room full of admiring friends and neighbours ready to devour it—not the pig, but the little dear, "so forward!"

Hark! a band of music—louder—a company of

soldiers in the next street; ma and company rise, up go the windows, in rush the children—drum and trumpet—every head out—coming round corner—“shadows before”—a swarm of little boys with paper caps and clam shells—*Hooray!* there’s the captain—epaulets and feather—walking backward—sword extended—word of command—“Left wheel!” at same instant—heel in hole—down goes captain—scream of delight—line breaks, and “cow—cow,” cries the blessed child, half crazy!

But it has “stood alone” before this, and had “a tooth” before that, and been “very large for its age” before either; and we, having lived through the whole, and being proud of our experience, we tell the Knickerbocker man again and again, that he knows nothing, that he makes himself ridiculous, that he’s a bigger boy than his “fifteen pounder” to go on so, and every parent who has reared “a fine child” to *cut teeth* and say “cow,” will agree with us. At the same time, as some excuse, it’s a “first;” as a further excuse, he showed *some* sense in getting married; and as, perhaps, a total excuse, he really *has* managed to become a father; and, we advise our young friends, in each respect, to emulate his example.

By-the-by, here is something—*a pro pos* to the subject.

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#### A WERRY GRAVE EXHORTATION.

You hasn’t yet got married, Knick,  
 You doesn’t know the sweets,  
 The little soothin’ solaces  
 As we wot’s married meets;

The bosom's warm emotions, and  
The drops within the eyes,  
The nice clean shirts and stockings, and  
All them 'ere tender ties!

You don't know what it is, Knick,  
A-lyin' in your bed,  
To gaze on careful woman's form—  
While the breakfast things is spread ;  
When you don't want to get up, cos  
The kiver feels so nice ;  
And she says, " Won't you have another cup,  
And this 'ere other slice ?"

The fire a-burnin' bright, Knick,  
And all upon a chair,  
Your linen, and your draw'rs, Knick,  
A-hangin' up to air ;  
I axes ev'ry heart, Knick,  
As isn't made of steel,  
If one can look upon that fire  
And not a warmin' feel !

Oh, werry few, indeed, Knick,  
Knows when they're truly happy,—  
When the baby is fetched in, Knick,  
To kiss it's " laz' pappy ;"  
" You ittle di' piny ting,  
It's mammy tum and eat her ;  
You bessed babe it was so tweet  
It tood'nt be no tweeter !

" You dod-a-bessed angel you—  
Don't pull it's pappy's hair ;  
Take fingers out of pappy's cup—  
Don't cry—it shall den—there ;

Oh, fie, to spill all pappy's tea—  
You naughty ducky diny;  
You oney, doney, roguey, poguey,  
Sweetest, sugar shiney!"

Oh, Knick, there is some minits when  
The stoutest hearts 'll quiver;  
Just let a baby spill your tea,  
While you're beneath the kiver;  
One little hand within your hair,  
The other in your cup—  
Don't wonder we so often feels  
As we could "*eat 'em up!*"



## “YOUR TURN NEXT, SIR.”

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THE principle of “*rotation*” should never be lost sight of in a democracy—never, above all, in a barber’s shop! “Order is Heaven’s first law,” and “*Louis’s*” also, as the many *shavers*, who patronize that attentive functionary at his establishment, the *Italian Baths*, St. Louis, are well aware of.

Let the reader be kind enough to consider himself an anxious gentleman with a “two-day’s beard” on, seated at 9½ A. M., on one of Louis’s sofas; his coat off, his neck exposed, and evincing *other* symptoms of impatient readiness to place himself in the first chair vacant. There they are, some six or eight of them, reclining almost horizontally, as their lazy heels are elevated, on luxuriously stuffed mahogany stools, nearly to the level of their drowsy heads. See how the rascals enjoy it! There is one fellow now, with his plaguy bright boots, grunting with satisfaction under the *champooing* operation; his eyes closed, and his head wagging, as the brisk fingers of the *professor* make themselves acquainted with the topography of his cranium—it’ll be sixty minutes at least before *he’s* done! There’s another! his chaps *lathered* until they look like a prize specimen of frosted confectionary; and yet the *operator*, as if pleased with the snowy

beauty of his art, is adding fresh *dabs*—so they fondly pet a pat of butter! Will none of them budge? Look at that character getting his hair cut; he has evidently no faith in his tonsor; he knows he is in a “*latest cut*” establishment, but hair is his weakness! See how anxiously he consults his hand-glass; a miss-clip on that side-lock would ruin him! That man has distinct visions of the *mode* in Broadway and Chestnut street, and a downright suspicion, if not a positive contempt, is vexing his mind during this fateful *amputation*!—curse that fellow, he’ll take a week!

Look at that plethoric monster, and wonder why, as the razor glides over his *florid* folds, you can think of nothing but a *green* turtle! He’s jocose, too; and, as he makes his ebony attendant grin, see how he lifts the corner of his eye to watch the effect on his neighbor. Thank the stars—no you don’t! “*Your turn next, sir!*” and a cool, consummate, quiet customer, who has been reading the paper unnoticed at your elbow, rises deliberately, unties his cravat, takes off his coat, and you are led to inquire, mentally, if it is *his turn next*, how many *more* may be before you? Horrible suggestion! There are, actually, a dozen loiterers with beards on! How many of them have entered *after* you, a mere matter of guess-work to all save the omniscient oracle of “*Your turn next, sir!*” Another rises. “*Your turn next, sir!*” not *your* turn, reader; take it patiently.

Did any Christian ever see such an abomination as is practised upon the human countenance in this same city of St. Louis? Look at that apparently *magnetized* bust, the brows, cheeks, and neck, appertaining to which are at this moment being *smear*ed over from



“Your turn next, sir.”

“Ah, isn’t such a chair a comfort!”



the lather-cup—back and front, preparatory to a *scrub*—as if the possibility of a gentleman extending his own ablutions round the base of his skull were a stretch of cleanliness not to be thought of! *Dab—dab—dab—d-d-d-dab!* Isn't he a pretty looking object? Ah, there goes the sponge!—over his brow—back of his neck—washing *himself* will never trouble his thoughts after this, certainly!

“*Your turn next, sir!*” May all—one of the punishments in the Swedenborgian next world, indubitably, will be waiting in a barber's shop for “your turn next!” Dr. Bush must speak to this point forthwith. There's a pug-nosed villain been under the soap for seventy-five minutes by the church-bells, and now, confound him, he “feels so good” that he's getting his hair cut! “*Your turn next, sir!*” Go to the—eh! what! not *my* turn? “*YOUR turn next, sir!*” I am (meaning *you* are, reader,) mollified! Under the hands of *Louis* himself, too! Civil *Louis*! Good-looking *Louis*! *Louis* that'll be a prince one of these days, and go to Paris! Ah, isn't such a chair a comfort? Run your eye along your leg, and see what that is—agitating your toes so!—a fluttering juvenile, dusting the tips of your boots! Ah, the first tap of the brush—agreeable temperature! Now it glides over your jaws, and you wouldn't change for a warm bath! The steel—not a *scrape*, reader, but a touch, as if your cheek were swept by a butterfly's wing! Exquisite *Louis*! If you would subdue your enemy, put him into a soft chair and shave him! How the strings about your heart relax! No more straining and tightening; thoughts of ease—ideas of charity—they come and go, and now you are on the confines of

dream-land !—softer—softer—murmuring—music—  
 Hallo ! actually took a nap ! What the deuce are you  
 about, back of one's neck ? Lather ? Well, "go  
 it !" Wouldn't get up for the world ! So—squeeze  
 your sponge a little, though, there's a drop down one's  
 back. Ah, a Cologne wipe, delightful ! and now for a  
*champoo*—never mind those fellows *waiting* !

"And, as his flying fingers touch the keys"—

There he is now, playing away on your benevolence ;  
 now, ideality, a scratch—exquisite !—Hope, music  
 —murmurs—dream-land again— ! Hallo—towel  
 jerked away ! "*Your turn next, sir !*" Remorseless  
 Louis ! actually dismissed—despatched—turned out !  
 nothing but a *job* after all ! Patience, however, and  
 take a peep in the glass. There are jaws of velvet and  
 locks of silk ! Sir, you've been under the hands of an  
*artiste* ! Any one may see *Italian Baths* written in  
 your face ; scent *Iredell & Clamorgan* in your perfumed  
 path ! On with your coat ; your well-smoothed hat ;  
 take your stick ; a parting glance ; greet the sunlight  
 —damme, you're a *nosegay* !

*Your turn next, sir !*



## STOPPING TO "WOOD."

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IN spite of the magic changes which have been wrought in the "way of doing things" upon the western waters, the primitive mode of "wooding" from the bank remains unaltered—as a sort of vagabond Indian in the midst of a settlement—as the gallows does in the light of civilization. The same rude plank is "shoved" ashore, the same string of black and white straggle through the mud to the "pile," the same weary waste of time exists as was the case twenty years ago. Steamers have grown from pigmies to giants, speed has increased from a struggle to a "rush," yet the conception of a ready loaded truck, or a burden-swinging crane—despatching a "cord" for every shoulder load, appears not to have entered the head of either wood dealer or captain.

At the same time, though the present mode is to be condemned as "behind the time;" as tedious, slovenly, and unnecessary, there are occasions when "stopping to wood" is an event of positive interest and excitement. Passed over be the fine sun-shiney morning when, jogging along—nothing behind—nothing before, the passengers lounging about—heels up, or heads down—the unnoticed bell gives the signal for "wood," and the boat draws listlessly alongside of the "pile." Equally unregarded be the rainy day, when, mud to the knees and drenched to the skin, the steaming throng,

slipping and plashing, drop their backloads, with a "whew!" and fail to find, even in the whisky barrel, a laugh or a "break down." But *not* so the star-lit evening in June, when, the water at a "good stage," and out for a "brag trip," with a rival boat behind, and the furnaces roaring for "more" the more they are fed, the signal is given and a faint flicker on the distant bank beacons the hungry monster towards its further supply of fuel. From New Orleans thus far on the trip up, the two boats, of nearly equal speed, have alternately passed each other during the stop to "wood," showing no gain of consequence on the part of either, and the grand struggle has been as it at present is, to "rush" the operation so as to get a start before being overtaken. The bank is reached—the boat made fast—gangways are formed—"Lively! men, lively!" cries the mate, and while the upper cabins pour out their crowds upon the boiler deck, the "hands," and the swarms of wild-looking passengers below (obliged by contract) dash ashore among the brush. Now ensues a scene that tasks description! The fire, augmented by piles of the driest wood, crimsones the tangled forest! Black and white, many of them stripped to their waist, though others, more careful, protect their skins by ripping and forming *covls* of empty salt sacks, attack the lengthened pile, and amid laugh, shout, curse, and the scarcely intermitting scream of the iron chimneys, (tortured by the still making steam,) remove it to the boat.

"Lively, men, lively!" rings the cry, and lively, lively is the impulse inspired by it! See that swart, gigantic negro, his huge shoulder hidden beneath a pyramid of wood, hurl to the deck his load, cut a caper along the plank, and, leaping back, seize a flam-

ing brand to whirl it round his head in downright enjoyment! "Lively! lively!" Laugh, shout, whoop, and the pile is rapidly disappearing, when a cry is heard from the "hurricane deck"—

"Here she comes, round the point!"

'Tis the rival steamer, sure enough; and once more she will pass during this detention. Now dash both mate and captain ashore to "rush" the matter. The bell is struck for starting, as if to compel impossibility; the accumulated steam is let off in brief, impatient screams, and the passengers, sharing the wild excitement, add their cries.

"Passed again, by thunder!" "We've got enough wood!" "Leave the rest!" &c. In the mean time, round the point below, sweeps the up-comer—all lights and sparks—moving over the water like a rushing fire-palace! Now her "blow" is heard, like a suppressed curse of struggle and defiance, and now, nearing the bank where lies her rival, a sort of frenzy seizes on the latter—

"Tumble it in!" "Rush her!" "D—n the rest!" "You've got enough!" *Ra-a-a-s-h!* goes the steam; the engine, "working off," thunders below;—again, the bell rings, and the hurly burly on shore is almost savage. At length, as the coming boat is hard on astern, the signal tap is given, "all hands aboard!" The lines are let go, the planks are shoved in by the negroes who are themselves drawn from the water with them, and amid a chaos of timber, a whirl of steam, and a crash of machinery, once more she is under weigh. The struggle is to leave the bank before she can be passed, and fuel, flame, and phrensy, seemingly unite to secure the object; barrels of combusti-

bles are thrust into the furnaces, while, before the doors, the "firemen," naked and screaming, urge their wild efforts!

"Here she is, along-side!" and now the struggle indeed is startling; the one endeavouring to shoot out from the bank across the bows of the other, and *she*, authorized by river custom, holding her way, the consequences of collision resting alone on her imprudent competitor. Roar for roar—scream for scream—huzza for huzza—but now, the inner boat apparently gaining, a turn of her antagonist's wheel leaves her no option but to be *run into* or turn again towards the bank! A hundred oaths and screams reply to this manœuvre, but *on she comes*—on, on,—a moment more and she strikes! With a shout of rage the defeated pilot turns her head—at the same moment snatching down his rifle and discharging it into the pilot-house of his opponent! Fury has now seized the thoughts of all, and the iron throats of the steamers are less hideous than the human ones beneath them. The wheel for a moment neglected, the thwarted monster has now "taken a sheer in the wild current," and, beyond the possibility of prevention, is driving on to the bank! A cry of terror rises aloft—the throng rush aft—the steam, every valve set free—makes the whole forest shiver, and, amid the fright, the tall chimneys, caught by the giant trees, are wrenched and torn out like tusks from a recoiling mastadon.

"That's a stretcher," will cry out some readers, and such a scene is not likely to be witnessed *now*, but the writer will not soon forget that such he bore a part in, some ten years ago, and that the captain, when asked what he thought of it, replied, "Well, I think we've got h—ll, any how!"

## DEATH OF MIKE FINK.

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“THE Last of the Boatmen” has not become altogether a *mythic* personage. There be around us those who still remember him as one of flesh and blood, as well of proportions simply human, albeit he lacked not somewhat of the *heroic* in stature, as well as in being a “perfect terror” to people!

As regards Mike, it has not yet become that favourite question of doubt—“Did such a being really live?” Nor have we heard the skeptic inquiry—“Did such a being really die?” But his death in half a dozen different ways and places has been asserted, and this, we take it, is the first gathering of the *mythic* haze—that shadowy and indistinct enlargement of outline, which, deepening through long ages, invests distinguished mortality with the sublimer attributes of the hero and the demi-god. Had Mike lived in “early Greece,” his flat-boat feats would, doubtless, in poetry, have rivalled those of Jason, in his ship; while in Scandinavian legends, he would have been a river-god, to a certainty! The Sea-kings would have sacrificed to him every time they “crossed the bar,” on their return; and as for Odin, himself, he would be duly advised, as far as any interference went, to “lay low and keep dark, or, *pre-haps*,” &c.



The story of Mike Fink, including a death, has been beautifully told by the late Morgan Neville, of Cincinnati, a gentleman of the highest literary taste, is well as of the most amiable and polished manners. "The Last of the Boatmen," as his sketch is entitled, is unexceptionable in style, and, we believe, in *fact*, with one exception, and that is, the statement as to the manner and place of Fink's death. He did *not die* on the Arkansas, but at Fort Henry, near the mouth of the Yellow Stone. Our informant is Mr. Chas. Keemle of this paper,\* who held a command in the neighbourhood, at the time, and to whom every circumstance connected with the affair is most familiar. We give the story as it is told by himself.

In the year 1822, steamboats having left the "keels" and "broad-horns" entirely "out of sight," and Mike having, in consequence, fallen from his high estate—that of being "a little bit the almightiest man on the river, *any how*"—after a term of idleness, frolic and desperate rowdyism, along the different towns, he, at St. Louis, entered the service of the Mountain Fur Company, raised by our late fellow-citizen Gen. W. H. Ashley, as a trapper and hunter; and in that capacity was he employed by Major Henry, in command of the Fort at the mouth of Yellow Stone river, when the occurrence took place of which we write.

Mike, with many generous qualities, was always a reckless dare-devil; but, at this time, advancing in years and decayed in influence, above all become a victim of whisky, he was morose and desperate in the extreme. There was a government regulation which

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\* St. Louis Reveille.



forbade the free use of alcohol at the trading posts on the Missouri river, and this was a continual source of quarrel between the men and the commandant, Major Henry,—on the part of Fink, particularly. One of his freaks was to march with his rifle into the fort, and demand a supply of spirits. Argument was fruitless, force not to be thought of, and when, on being positively denied, Mike drew up his rifle and sent a ball through the cask, deliberately walked up and filled his can, while his particular “boys” followed his example, all that could be done was to look upon the matter as one of his “queer ways,” and that was the end of it.

This state of things continued for some time; Mike’s temper and exactions growing more unbearable every day, until, finally, a “split” took place, not only between himself and the commandant, but many others in the fort, and the unruly boatman swore he would not live among them. Followed only by a youth named Carpenter, whom he had brought up, and for whom he felt a rude but strong attachment, he prepared a sort of cave in the river’s bank, furnished it with a supply of whisky, and, with his companion, *turned in* to pass the winter, which was then closing upon them. In this place he buried himself, sometimes unseen for weeks, his *protege* providing what else was *necessary* beyond the whisky. At length attempts were used, on the part of those in the fort, to withdraw Carpenter from Fink; foul insinuations were made as to the nature of their connection; the youth was twitted with being a mere slave, &c., all which (Fink heard of it in spite of his retirement) served to breed distrust between the two, and though they did not separate, much of their cordiality ceased.

The winter wore away in this sullen state of torpor ; spring came with its reviving influences, and to celebrate the season, a supply of alcohol was procured, and a number of his acquaintances from the fort coming to "rouse out" Mike, a desperate "frolic," of course, ensued.

There were river yarns, and boatmen songs, and "nigger break-downs," interspersed with wrestling-matches, jumping, laugh, and yell, the can circulating freely, until Mike became somewhat mollified.

"I tell you what it is, boys," he cried, "the fort 's a skunk-hole, and I rather live with the bars than stay in it. Some on ye's bin trying to part me and my boy, that I love like my own cub—but no matter. Maybe he's *pisoned* against me ; but, Carpenter, (striking the youth heavily on the shoulder,) I took you by the hand when it had forgotten the touch of a father's or a mother's—you know me to be a man, and you ain't a going to turn out a dog!"

Whether it was that the youth fancied something insulting in the manner of the appeal, or not, we can't say ; but it was not responded to very warmly, and a reproach followed from Mike. However, they drank together, and the frolic went on, until Mike, filling his can, walked off some forty yards, placed it upon his head, and called to Carpenter to take his rifle.

This wild feat of shooting cans off each other's head was a favourite one with Mike—himself and "boy" generally winding up a hard frolic with this savage, but deeply-meaning proof of continued confidence ;—as for risk, their eagle eyes and iron nerves defied the might of whisky. After their recent alienation, a doubly

generous impulse, without doubt, had induced Fink to propose and subject himself to the test.

Carpenter had been drinking wildly, and with a boisterous laugh snatched up his rifle. All present had seen the parties "shoot," and this desperate aim, instead of alarming, was merely made a matter of wild jest.

"Your grog is spilt, for ever, Mike!"

"Kill the old varmint, young 'un!"

"What'll his skin bring in St. Louis?" &c. &c.

Amid a loud laugh, Carpenter raised his piece—even the jesters remarked that he was unsteady,—"crack!"—the can fell,—a loud shout,—but, instead of a smile of pleasure, a dark frown settled upon the face of Fink! He made no motion except to clutch his rifle as though he would have crushed it, and there he stood, gazing at the youth strangely! Various shades of passion crossed his features—surprise, rage, suspicion—but at length they composed themselves into a sad expression; the ball had grazed the top of his head, cutting the scalp, and the thought of treachery had set his heart on fire.

There was a loud call upon Mike to know what he was waiting for, in which Carpenter joined, pointing to the can upon his head and bidding him fire, if he knew how!

"Carpenter, my son," said the boatman, "I taught you to shoot differently from that *last* shot! You've *missed* once, but you won't again!"

He fired, and his ball, crashing through the forehead of the youth, laid him a corpse amid his, as suddenly hushed, companions!

Time wore on—many at the fort spoke darkly of the deed. Mike Fink had never been known to miss

his aim—he had grown afraid of Carpenter—he had murdered him! While this feeling was gathering against him, the unhappy boatman lay in his cave, shunning both sympathy and sustenance. He spoke to none—when he did come forth, 'twas as a spectre, and only to haunt the grave of his “boy,” or, if he did break silence, 'twas to burst into a paroxysm of rage against the enemies who had “turned his boy’s heart from him!”

At the fort was a man by the name of Talbott, the gunsmith of the station: he was very loud and bitter in his denunciations of the “murderer,” as he called Fink, which, finally, reaching the ears of the latter, filled him with the most violent passion, and he swore that he would take the life of his defamer. This threat was almost forgotten, when one day, Talbott, who was at work in his shop, saw Fink enter the fort, his first visit since the death of Carpenter. Fink approached; he was careworn, sick, and wasted; there was no anger in his bearing, but he carried his rifle, (had he ever gone without it?) and the gunsmith was not a coolly brave man; moreover, his life had been threatened.

“Fink,” cried he, snatching up a pair of pistols from his bench, “don’t approach me—if you do, you’re a dead man!”

“Talbott,” said the boatman, in a sad voice, “you needn’t be afraid; you’ve done me wrong—I’m come to talk to you about—Carpenter—my boy!”

He continued to advance, and the gunsmith again called to him:

“Fink! I know you; if you come three steps nearer, I’ll fire, by ——!”

Mike carried his rifle across his arm, and made no

hostile demonstration, except in gradually getting nearer—if hostile his aim was.

“Talbot, you’ve accused me of murdering—my boy—Carpenter—that I raised from a child—that I loved like a son—that I can’t live without! I’m not mad with you *now*, but you must let me show you that I *couldn’t* do it—that I’d rather died than done it—that you’ve wronged me ——”

By this time he was within a few steps of the door, and Talbot’s agitation became extreme. Both pistols were pointed at Fink’s breast, in expectation of a spring from the latter.

“By the Almighty above us, Fink, I’ll fire—I don’t want to speak to you now—don’t put your foot on that step—don’t.”

Fink did put his foot on the step, and the same moment fell heavily within it, receiving the contents of both barrels in his breast! His last and only words were,

“I didn’t mean to kill my boy!”

Poor Mike! we are satisfied with our senior’s conviction that you did *not* mean to kill him. Suspicion of treachery, doubtless, entered his mind, but cowardice and murder never dwelt there.

A few weeks after this event, Talbot himself perished in an attempt to cross the Missouri river in a skiff.

## ESTABLISHING A CONNECTION,

WHEREIN ANIMAL MAGNETISM IS REDUCED TO VULGAR COM-  
PREHENSION

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You're travelling on a steamboat, say ;  
A walking, here and there ;  
You'll, maybe, meet a pretty face—  
A certain witching air ;  
You'll see it once or twice, and then  
You'll say "she's very pretty !"  
And then, perhaps, you'll walk away,  
And, maybe, hum a ditty.

Well, then, perhaps, at dinner time,  
A glance or two may wander  
Towards the table's upper end,  
Where she's a sitting, yonder ;  
You'll find a something 'bout her mouth,  
And the way she lifts her fork,  
And cuts her meat, and moves her jaw,  
And her other table work !

You meet her, then, upon the "guard,"  
Where, with her friend, she's walking,  
Her arm round her companion's waist,  
As girl's do when they're talking ;



You note the sweetest kind of foot—  
That nameless girlish grace—  
And that bright smile which makes you glow  
To see on a girl's face.

Well, this goes on, perhaps, two days,  
You keep a walking round,  
And find yourself, when near her,  
Very silent and profound ;  
At last—Lord ! what a thing it is !  
It runs you through and through—  
You raise your eyes, and catch her *glance*—  
A *side-glance*, and at *you* !

Of course she drops her eyes at once,  
And looks upon the floor—  
And you may watch her by the hour,  
But won't catch her any more ;  
Yet somehow, she don't move away,  
In which a comfort lies ;  
And though you cannot *see* 'em, yet,  
You kind a *feel* her eyes !

Well, then, perhaps, one of the doors  
Is lined with looking-glass,  
In which, perhaps, you see her face,  
As, loungingly, you pass ;  
You take a peep—you walk away—  
And then walk back again—  
Then sit and look, as though her face  
You'd draw right out the pane !

You're trying all the time to look  
As unconcerned as ever—

You run your fingers through your hair—  
 Perhaps to hum, endeavour ;  
 But still you're peeping at her face,  
 And time don't pass so dull ;  
 When, suddenly—in peeping, *whew!*  
 You meet her eyes *right full!*

Oh gracious! where's your breath! you're gone!  
 You feel yourself a blushing,  
 And wonder why so old a hand  
 Should feel his blood a rushing—  
 But still you sit,—and so does she—  
 And, at once,—without instructor—  
 You find a pane of lookin'-glass  
 A *very* good conductor!

Well, so it goes—next morning, p'r'aps  
 You *bow* to her at breakfast—  
 And then you fiddle with your fork,  
 'Stead of swallowing your steak fast ;  
 Well, *she* has no great appetite,  
 And what she eats she minces—  
 And sits uneasy in her chair,  
 As if worried with the *chitches!*

Perhaps you venture, on the “guard,”  
 To say something 'bout “the morning,”  
 And she says, “Yes, sir,” with a smile  
 And blush her cheek adorning!  
 And then—you can't say any more—  
 And she can't look up either—  
 And you *almost* want to get away—  
 And you *don't* want to neither!

Well, *now* you're in a state for more  
Decisive operation ;  
Doubt not the process, but, at once,  
Assay—" manipulation !"  
Just touch her fingers ! if she stands  
And don't lift up her head,  
The thing is out, as Crockett says,  
" You're right—and go ahead !"

## A NIGHT IN A SWAMP.

---

IN the December of 1834, "putting out" from the *Capital of Georgia*, Milledgeville, (a "*promising town*," but which very few people think it worth while to remind of its promises,) might have been seen, at an early hour in the morning, a long, lumbering wagon, canvas-topped, &c., a "basket horse" snuffing the breeze out of the after end, and one or two eccentric-looking individuals, (exclusive of the driver—an "up-country cracker,") lounging in the forepart, almost as inertly as the rag pile of "Miller's Men" on which they were reclining. This was the "baggage-wagon," containing the movable portion of the "scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations" of Mr. Sol Smith's theatrical company, then in the act of invading the state of Alabama on a winter campaign, and with the purpose of attacking the town of Montgomery, in particular. Immediately after breakfast, on the same morning, two or three "travelling carriages," not over ostentatious in their appearance, set out, on the same road, containing Manager Sol and the rest of the company. It was about the commencement of bad weather; the streams were rising; I remember distinctly that it was a pretty *general* drench across the two states, but it is my intention only to mention one or two *watery* passages connected with the journey.

Not a great way from the Alabama line, in Georgia, on the high road to Columbus—that is, if it continues to be a high road in these times of topographical mutation—is a watercourse called *Bull Creek*; the whole route had been rendered difficult by the heavy rains, and now, Bull Creek lay in the way, swelling and roaring and endeavouring to deserve its name, by behaving in as bull-headed a manner as possible. Old Sol's private carriage was, literally, a *family* coach, his whole family (a small one at that time, though) being contained in it, to say nothing of the writer, who sat on the front seat, wondering what was to “be done with him next.” Of course there was a dead stop at the formidable-looking ford; the negro-driver “didn't like dat water, no how;” till manager “Sol,” who had often crossed before, *cast* the black boy for another part, that of the footman, assumed the responsible character of coachman himself, and boldly determined that he would *go through* with it. In he went—in—deeper—now, glancing from the coach window, we caught a full view of the stream, with its impetuous rush in the middle.

“Solomon!” said a mild voice, “won't it be dangerous?”

“Sol!” cried a more reckless one, “can you go it, old fellow?”

“Hallo! daddy,” screamed one of the boys, “here's the water coming through!”

“It's only deep for a few yards,” said Sol, pushing onward, when, in an instant, the body of the coach was inundated, and, from its *loose* motion, it was evident that we were afloat! Sol whipped up like mad, as the vehicle swung round; the horses snorted and

struggled, the boys screamed and gathered themselves on to the seats, the mother grew mute and pale, their fellow-traveller contemplated a spring through the window—one intense moment, when the horses felt ground—hurrah! whip, shout, struggle—and the drenched coach, staggering and *shivering*, seemingly, was dragged up the opposite slope!

“There,” says Sol, “you stupid nigger, couldn’t you do that?”

The driver resumed his seat with an expressive “Whew!”

“Well,” muttered he, “I never did tink Ole Sol done fotch himself clar, dat time!”

Three or four days, over *corduroy roads*, in the “Creek Nation,” Alabama, had not served to shake *Bull Creek* from remembrance, when a homeless throng of about two thousand persons, camped in every shape and direction,—travellers, movers, negroes, &c., warned us that we had reached *Kalebah Hatchee*,—the drain of an immense swamp, now flooded,—and that the rude bridge, &c., had been swept away. It was evening when we arrived. The *one* house of entertainment swarmed like a bee-hive, while the borders of the swamp were hardly less populous.

“Not a bit of room, *inside*,” cried the landlord, as we drove up.

“Thank you,” said Sol, “Knew you would. Jump out ladies.”

“Not a bit of room, I say,” repeated the landlord.

“Of course a *bit* will do; there’s only *three*, and they can all go together, when there’s a crowd!”

“But I say, there’s no use of *coming in*!”

“They’re *coming in*, thank you,” blandly persevered



the manager, with his hand to his ear, as if partially deaf;—and actually pushing by the man, with the ladies under his wing, he made his way into a back room of the log tenement—one which served alike for kitchen and eating-hall—placed the shivering females at the fire, and forthwith began doing the agreeable to the cook and hostess.

Following the example of their manager, in being a little deaf, and a little blind, and a good deal civil, some half a dozen of the party managed not only to get in “for a warm,” as poor Smike says, but to seat themselves at the “first table,” also; nay, more, finally obtaining the sanction of the landlord, to “take their chance” for the night. The woods, without, were red with camp-fires; the ground was marshy and wet, but the scene was of the wildest and most exciting nature. Not a soul had passed for several days; the gathering crowds, however, with the Indians of the neighbourhood, had toiled unceasingly, and a few hours’ work, in the morning, it was thought would complete a temporary means of crossing. The movers sat listlessly, within or around their wagons; the negroes, prepared their suppers, laughing and singing, as usual; the Indians stood by in groups, or wandered singly, begging for whisky; while Sol and his friends, raising the surprise of all, went “from tent to tent” rehearsing the chorusses of Cinderella and Massaniello, then “in active preparation,” for the opening of the season, at Montgomery.

Bed time came,—all but the *beds!* The Thespians had “their chance,” however, and had fixed their hopes upon a small rude apartment, which, with divers barrels, old trunks, saddles, &c., actually did contain

a cot,—carefully watched by a lanky, stupid-looking fellow. On the cot, by some extraordinary distribution, were *two* pillows, and one of them being denied to the intruders, as they arranged their bag or two of straw, a direful longing for mischief was aroused. At length Sol entered, looking more like a deacon than ever he did in his most clerical moments. “Sir,” said he, to the proprietor of the pillows, “you have no objection to prayer?” “No,” said the man, rather confused. “Seek the landlord, if you please, and procure *two* candles!” The commissioned one looked at his cot, then at his company—how hushed into a respectful solemnity of aspect—and finally went to procure *two* candles.

“What the devil do you want with two candles?” cried the landlord as he stood at the door, with a pine torch in his hand.

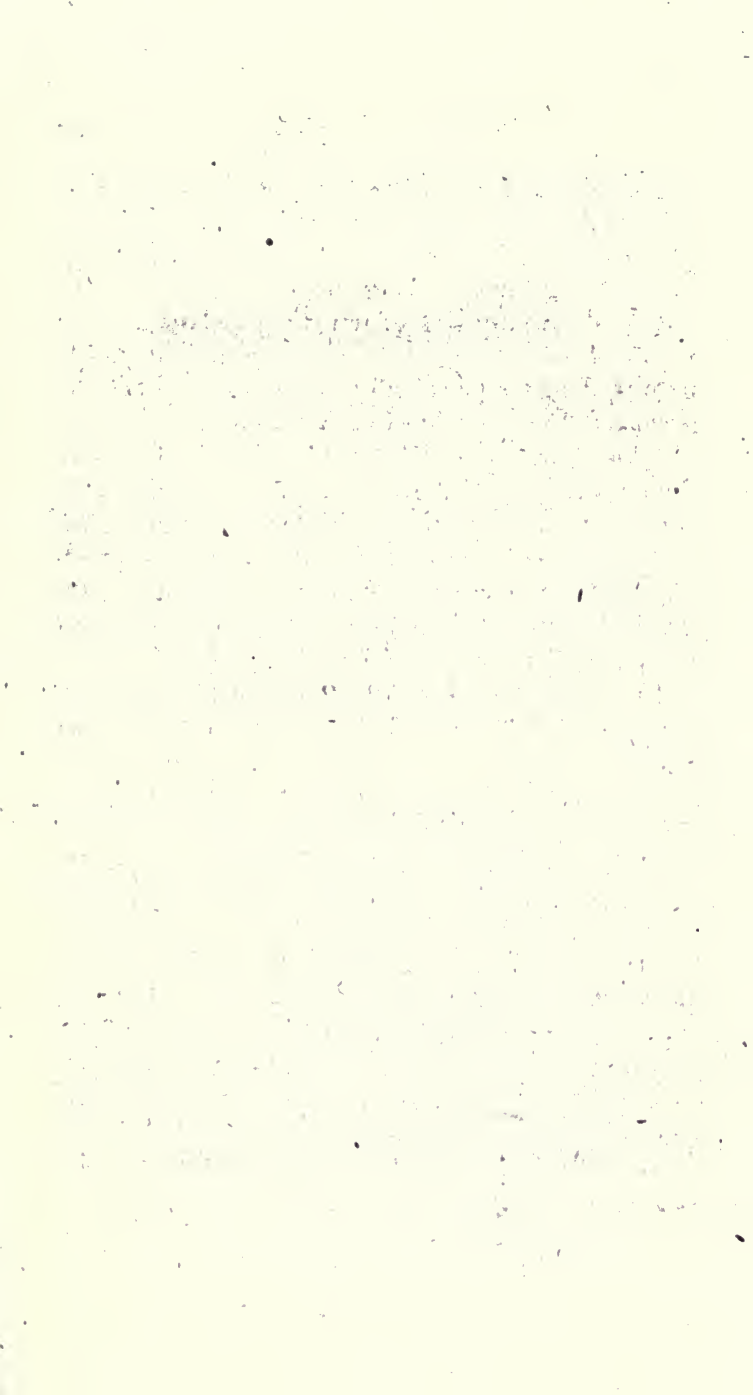
“That preacher says he wants to have prayers by ’em.”

It is uncertain whether the host liked least the demand, or the object of it; but after an equally fruitless application to the lady of the mansion, the messenger returned—to find the room in total darkness, and his fellow-lodgers fast asleep. He groped to his cot, and his first exclamation was, “The pillars gone, by gracious!” Another feel—“Look here, deacon!” A very comfortable snore came from one corner. “I say, strangers, I’ll be *go derved* if you hain’t gone to sleep a leetle quicker than you’d a-done if you hadn’t gone and stole my hull beddin’! not a dern thing but the *tick!*” muttered he, as he continued his examination. “Strangers!” A simultaneous snore from every point appeared to warn the bereaved one that the odds were entirely

The first of the two was a man of a very high rank, and the second was a man of a very low rank. The first was a man of a very high rank, and the second was a man of a very low rank. The first was a man of a very high rank, and the second was a man of a very low rank.



**“Sir,”** said he to the proprietor of the pillows, **“you have no objection to prayers?”**



against him, and muttering that he was "a dern fool, any how," and "a pretty dern kind of a prayer meetin' that was," &c., he seemed to bestow himself on the outside of the tick. Things became quiet, when the intense darkness was strangely dissipated by a broad stream of blue fire, which, starting from one side, made its way along the planks, directly towards the cot, the occupant of which jumped up in alarm.

"Two candles, h—ll!" said he: "I should like to catch myself prayin' with such a dern set,—or sleepin', either! and he bolted out, while the Thespians bolted themselves in; restoring the cot contingents,—investing the *deacon* with its occupancy, and, finally, emptying the brandy flask, a portion of the contents of which had procured the evacuation of the fortress.

The writer remembers being awakened in the morning by a strange sort of pushing and punching at his head.

"Be quiet, will you!" cried he. Another punch, and an attempt to pull the pillow away.

"Oh, thunder," said he, peevishly, "I've got the pillow, and I mean to keep it!" Push—punch—and a *deuce* of a pull!

"D—n it, what are you about!" The sleeper started up to behold the snout of a *swine* in the act of being withdrawn through a hole in the floor, and the pillow following it into the upper apartment—the pig-sty!

How the *deacon* contrived, notwithstanding the impatient crush of two thousand persons, to get his teams first over the bridges, in the morning, ought to be the subject of a separate story.

## STEAMBOAT MISERIES.

AFTER THE MANNER OF BYRON.

---

~~I~~ had a dream—which was not *all* a dream ;  
The “last bell” bade me hasten, and ’twas said  
That we should be “right off,” and, lo, it was so !  
And crowded “guard,” and peopled “hurricane,”  
And hat and ’kerchief waved from deck and shore,  
And steamy echoes mid-receding hills,  
Till men from nature turned to Paul de Kock.

Anon the twilight shadows, a young moon,  
And a bright planet as its handmaiden,  
And gazing on the west, where a dull red  
Skulk’d ’neath the silv’ry glory, to myself  
I said, “It must be, surely, supper time ;”  
Turning below, e’en as another bell,  
Of shriller clamour summoned to the board,  
Where *all were seated*, and—I missed it that time !  
Many were like me, and one rev’rend man  
Spake of a “second table,” calm in faith  
That we should find it “much more comfortable.”  
And dishes went, and came, and went again,  
(Wide margins unto strangely larded *dabs*)  
And places were vacated one by one,  
And scraps were gathered, and odd-sized boys—



(None of 'em *matched*,) seemed hired to "take their time ;"

And faithfully, if so, they earned their money.  
 At length the summons—I was seated, and  
 Two odd boys held huge pitchers at my head,  
 On either side, demanding "tea or coffee?"  
 And tea I said, but sought in vain for milk ;  
 As vainly for a stomach—*frigid dabs* !—  
 And turn'd I from pork-chop to munch a cracker,  
 And view that ancient man as I could kick him !

And morn awoke upon a fairer stream ;  
 When, lo ! nor basin, napkin, till I sought  
 A closet on the "guard" to come in *ninth*  
 For the tin bowl, to wipe with a wet towel,  
 And think more charitably, far, of Boz !

Hunger was on me, nor on me alone ;  
 Unshaven men, in two impatient rows,  
 With grasp on chair-back, eyed the lengthened board ;  
 While women peeped from distant "ladies' cabin,"  
 And to myself I said, "in *this* time, *sure*."  
 Anon the captain—eager, all sat down,  
 And I was nearest to the ladies' end,  
 When, as I paused in my choice of pig,  
 Came a low voice, "You are a chair too high, sir ;"  
 I turned—I saw—I bowed—and I *arose* !

Again the "second table" and—no milk ;  
 Cold sausage, bacon—priceless were an egg !  
 But eggs and milk being no part of pig,  
 (No more than basins, towels, and white soap,)  
 I simply had to "wish that I might get it !"

And hours, and meals, and days, wore dully on ;  
And table—first or second—still, still pig !  
Until the horrible conception came  
That all things animal beside were dead :  
Herbivoræ, the graminivoræ,  
Mammiferæ, and things oviparous,  
The sinny tribes with those of subtler air—  
Command having been spoken, “ root or die !”  
The cloth was foul, the forks were i’ the rust,  
The plates unwiped, and the castors void ;  
There was a streaked mass—ne’er got of churn,  
Moist yellow cubes, as falsely called cheese ;  
Thrice was a shirt-sleeve in my platter dipped,  
And shoat, and bacon, sausage, ham, and souse—  
Souse, ham, and sausage, bacon still, and shoat,  
’Till men to other spake but in a grunt.  
And if there be canoe, or “ keel,” or flat-boat—  
D——e if e’er I am caught again on *that* boat !

## A RESURRECTIONIST AND HIS FREIGHT.

---

“ONCE upon a time”—not a long time ago—a popular comedian, of whom nothing further need be said, than that he is fast losing his early pretensions to shape and beauty, and that his name is *Tom Placide*; once upon a time—and, if there be any curiosity as to season, we might as well say “during the fall”—this wag of a fellow was descending the Mississippi, in fine spirits, and a sporting coat. There were divers queer characters on board of the steamer, with whom Tom, while amusing himself with their peculiarities, was withal a great favourite, but none of them “*cotton’d*” to him more kindly than an elderly “hoosier,” from the innermost depths of Indiana, and who was now visiting New Orleans for the first time. This russet-looking antique, whether it was from the comedian’s sporting buttons, or his habit of concluding controversy with “I’ll bet you,” &c., fully made up his mind that Tom was a “*gentleman sportsman*,” and wherever he saw a “small game” going on, he was careful in noting the skill and quality of the players, the “size of their pile,” &c., and bringing Tom the *items*. The “gentleman sportsman” was very much obliged, of course, though he didn’t exactly know what to make of it, when, one day, the confidential hoosier took him aside,

told him that there was a "smart chance of a pile" on one of the tables, and that if he liked, he (the hoosier) would "go in with him—in *cahoot!*" Tom was very much amused at this, but told his proposing *partner* that he was mistaken; that the fancy coat covered not a "sportsman," but a *player*.

"Swan to gracious!" exclaimed the old contriver, "one of them fellers that *tumbles!*—seen 'em, once, more'n half naked, cuttin' up, down to Madison!"

Tom didn't trouble himself much in explaining the difference between a theatrical *show* and a circus *show*, but told the story of the cards, &c. about the boat, rendering the old fellow quite an object of interest to the passengers. Next to the card-playing, the object of anxiety to the hoosier was a very large and singularly-shaped pine box, which lay in the "Social Hall," containing nothing more nor less than a *big fiddle*, and which was owned by a very reserved and gloomy-looking German, on his way south, professionally.

"*Plas,*" said the hoosier—he was thrice familiar with Tom, after learning that he belonged to a *show*—"what on airth hev they got in that box; it's the on-humanist shape I ever see in all creation!"

"Hush," said Tom, mysteriously; "don't you know?"

"No! I'm nighly dead a guessin'!"

"Bodies!" whispered the comedian, with a strong expression of loathing.

"*Bodies!*" echoed the startled inquirer; "not ra'al human bodies?"

"Bodies!" repeated Tom, at the same time applying his handkerchief to his nose; "taking them down for dissection; belong to a doctor on board."

The hoosier turned away, opening his eyes and shutting his nose. At length, he inquired if they were "*Niggers.*"

"White woman and two children," was the reply; "one on each side of her—accounts for the shape of the box."

At this moment the haggard, unshaven violinist approached, and the thoroughly "sawed" victim made way for him as if he had been the cholera incarnate!

"Goes about diggin' on 'em up, does he?" said he, between his teeth, and in a suppressed voice; "why, it'll breed pison!" and out he went on the "guard" to take a long breath.

Tom told this joke, also, among the passengers, who carried it on, highly amused; making wide circuits whenever they had to approach the box, using their handkerchiefs, and expressing much indignation at the captain for permitting that description of *freight* to be brought under the noses of his passengers. Some talked of leaving the boat, and others of lynching the doctor, till at length the captain, who had also been put up to the fun, approached the crowd, then gathered about the bar.

"Phew!" sniffled the captain, "it's very warm in here, gentlemen; phew!" and *he* pulled out his handkerchief. "Gentlemen, isn't there something unpleasant about here?"

"Pretends not to know what it is!" muttered the hoosier, aside.

"Barkeeper," continued the captain, "what the deuce is it—phew—so *queer* here?"

"Reckon you don't know!" exclaimed the hoosier, stepping forward, and almost quivering with indignation.

“Know! certainly not,” said the captain.

“Wall, you’ve got that box TOO NEAR THE STOVE, *that’s all!*”

A perfect scream of laughter rather stumped the old fellow; but a removal of “the lid of the coffin” was necessary before he could be convinced that the body, indeed, was only that of “Old Rosin the Bow.” He paid “the liquors” willingly, “*cussin’* his old cat for not remembering that “Plas” was one of the “show-folk varmints!”

THE END.











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